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The Cresset (Vol. 1, No. 11)

International Walther League

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SEPTEMBER 1938

THE CRESSET

Panorama

E. GORTON COVINGTON

Modern Literature, Whence and What?

ALFRED KLAUSLER

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

VOL. 1 NO. 11

Twenty-five Cents

The CRESSET

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Volume 1 SEPTEMBER, 1938 Number 11

In This Issue:

THE CRESSET is published monthly by the International Walther League. Publication Office, 450 Ahnaip Street, Menasha, Wisconsin. Editorial and subscription office 6438 Eggleston Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter October 25, 1937, at the post office at Menasha, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for United States and possessions, $2.00 per year, elsewhere, $2.50 per year.

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THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

NOTES and COMMENT

Behind the Headlines—Spain in August—A Century-Old Dispute Ends—Calling All Language-Cops—Naziism and Christianity.

Behind the Headlines

THOMAS E. DEWEY, crusading district attorney for the City of New York, is good newspaper copy. His exposures carry that implication of scandal which makes for the proper American intellectual diet for the breakfast table and the commuters' strap. But beyond the appeal to emotional susceptibility there is a deep social significance to what he is doing. Instead of rhetorically defending democracy and frothing at the mouth about dictatorships, as hundreds of commencement speakers have done, he is doing something about it.

Democracy needs improvement. There is no argument there. But fulminating against the dictators alone doesn't help things much. What we need most is to impress our public officials with the fact that we have entrusted them with the exercise of responsible, and not irresponsible power. Then such stenches in the nostrils of all good men and true as the government of Jersey City would cease to exist. You cannot reconcile Christian liberty with the suppression of the right of the individual to err honestly and to be persuaded of his error by tolerant, reasonable argument rather than by the bludgeon of a policeman.

There are some communities in the country which enjoy the respect of the informed citizenry. To mention only a few, there are Cincinnati, Milwaukee, and Bridgeport. To these must now be added New York. Not because Gotham has suddenly become a model of clean and efficient government, but because to the country at large the persistent, untiring efforts of men like La Guardia and Dewey represent the effort of public spirited citizens to make democracy

work. Those who appreciate their Christian liberty should range themselves behind the champions of an efficient, not rhetorical, democracy if they wish to preserve this heritage.

Spain in August

THE recent successful offensive of the Loyalist armies indicates that the cause of democracy in Spain is not yet lost. The legal government of that country feels that its efforts to crush the rebellion have been hampered by the aid given General Franco by Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany. These governments, anxious to obtain raw materials from Spain and to increase their power in the Mediterranean Sea, have supplied the rebel chieftain with men, munitions, and airplanes—despite the ban of the Non-Intervention Committee.

Has the time come to raise the embargo on the shipment of munitions to a friendly nation? While the constitutional government of Spain has been unable to obtain the necessary war supplies from the United States, General Franco finds no difficulty in buying munitions via Germany and Italy. Many feel that a victory for international fascism will menace our own democratic institutions.

The Protestant Spaniards have felt the iron heel of the pro-Catholic Franco government. In the territory controlled by the rebels, Protestant clergy have been shot and the Protestants have been forbidden to worship in their churches.

The legal government of Spain has scrupulously respected the rights of the Protestant clergy. A rebel victory would sound the death-knell of Spanish Protestantism.

A Century-Old Dispute Ends

WHEN press dispatches from Buenos Aires recently announced that a preliminary accord had been reached between representatives of Bolivia and Paraguay regarding the Gran Chaco, a hundred-year war at last came to a close, a struggle that a few years ago had become singularly pitiless and hopeless. According to the report of the League of Nations Commission, the two nations involved were growing poorer and poorer and their future darker and darker. "The Chaco war represents a veritable catastrophe to civilization in that part of America."

The Chaco, the bone of contention for so long, is in itself not particularly valuable, unless natural resources yet unknown are discovered. It is mostly swamps and forest, about the size of Arizona. Bolivia, having no deep-water port on the Paraguay River, which gives that land access to the Atlantic Ocean, laid claim to the Gran Chaco. Paraguay naturally opposed this move, as it would bring the Bolivian border up to the junc-

tion of the Paraguay and Pilcomayo rivers, and so to the very outskirts of the capital of Paraguay. After the vicious war of 1932-1935, which cost both countries about 100,000 men, a truce was signed which left Paraguay in possession of the greater part, about 50,000 square miles.

The exact formulation of the present agreement has not been made public at this writing, pending formal approval by the two governments. Its substance, however, is reported to be this, that a zone through the "Green Hell" of the Chaco, varying from 12 to 50 miles, is now subject to arbitration.

Calling All Language-Cops

IS THE English language in need of refurbishment and reformation? Thanks to one of those exasperatingly common quirks which are so characteristic of our mother-tongue, we are —so the grammars tell us—in duty bound to use *"you"* for the second person singular and to employ the very same form for the second person plural. Long ago, droves of those who dwell in the Southern States reached the conclusion that the rule-books, the school-marms, and the professors who pontifically and unctuously urged a practice as alarming and as vicious as this upon their fellow-creatures were perpetrating a howlingly egregious piece of asininity. For this reason, they determined to retain *"you"* for the singular number and to adopt *"you all"* for the plural. So jealous have they become of their "not-to-be-sneezed-at" contribution to the science of speech that they do not blush to remind critics and criticasters—both those who are carping in their intentions and those who are well-meaning—that many of their neighbors to the north of the Mason and Dixon Line have acquired the utterly ridiculous habit of resorting to such unspeakable monstrosities and inanities as *"youse"* and *"you-uns."*

To whom shall we award the crown? Shall we instruct our grammarians to write *"you all"* in the books? Shall we make up our minds and theirs in favor of *"youse"* and *"you-uns"?* Or shall we cling stubbornly to the time-honored *"you"?*

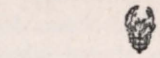
When all is said and done, the Southerners are not so "dumb" as some of the hardbitten and rock-ribbed purveyors of rules and regulations—the strutting and often extremely flat-footed policemen of our language—would have us believe. And is it not true that *"you all"* is indescribably more soothing to the eardrums and unbelievably more mellifluous than *"youse"* and *"you-uns?"* Or is this merely a matter of taste?

But trouble and cacophony come thick and fast when a desire to form the possessive case brings into being the harsh and incongruous *"you all's."* And what shall we say about those contaminated pronunciations, *"yawl"* and *"yawl's"?* Shall

we be charitable and long-suffering enough to ascribe such hideous departures from the paths of grammatical and "pronunciatorial" righteousness to what the Germans call "Mundfaulheit" (laziness of the mouth), or shall we, without batting an eye or spewing out a tooth, issue a ukase to the language-cops to consign these atrociously foul excrescences to outer darkness? Suppose, for example, that we should happen to ask the owners of a yawl (our smaller dictionary has the word on page 1154) the following question, *"Are yawl going out in yawl's yawl?"*

So far as the second persons singular and plural are concerned, there seems to be—so many are inclined to reason—much more logic in what the Southerners have contributed to our language than in what the rule-books, with all their good arguments and with all their praiseworthy intentions, have the temerity to enjoin upon us. We do admit, however, that *"you all"* sounds a bit strange, forced, and weak in the arches when only two persons are addressed. "But," retort the champions of the Southern custom, "would it not be a simple solution of a needlessly knotty problem to vote in favor of *'you two'* for the dual number?"

There are some who believe that it is high time that the personal pronoun of the second person singular and the second person plural be hailed into court and submitted to a brutally withering cross-examination. It is for this reason that the earthshaking question is being unceremoniously dumped into the laps of the readers of THE CRESSET.



Naziism and Christianity

HITLER and Naziism are again consistently making front page news. Persecution of the Jews has once again become the favorite pastime of German mobs who receive the unspoken blessing of Nazi officialdom. It is becoming more and more apparent, however, that not only the Jews, but the German people as such, will find themselves ground under the heel of totalitarian Naziism. The most recent reports state that all dwelling within the German state will be subject to governmental draft for the execution of a new four year plan. Such are the inevitable consequences of totalitarianism. Well-to-do Jews who originally helped to finance Hitler and his movement, and who approved when less desirable Jewish elements were persecuted and driven out, eventually discovered that the movement became as cruel and oppressive for themselves as it had been for Jews of a lower social status. Given time, the Aryan inhabitants of Germany will find that the same spirit which was so ruthless toward people of Semitic descent will inexorably also crush out their souls and make them the slaves of a system in which the will and whim of one man is the law for all of their

lives, including their souls, as well as their bodies and minds. This represents not progress in civilization, but a return to the dim past when tyrannies were the order of the day, when individuality, personality, liberty, all values characteristic of an advanced civilization, were unknown. That the church of Jesus Christ and the Gospel will encounter evil days when such a state of affairs exists can be foretold with confidence without any great gift of prophecy. People who love the land of the Reformation and who appreciate the contributions made to culture and civilization by the Germany of yesterday will do well to pray for this presently deluded and unfortunate nation.

Sweet Potatoes and Such

IT'S a funny thing with improvements. Everybody agrees that they are good to have and that we can't have too many of them, and if a man wants to enjoy any standing in the community, he had better talk as if he was thinking up more of them. I have been doing that. When I get into company where I am not known and where they don't pay much attention to me, I watch till there is a lull in the conversation, and then I say, real slow and plain, "Let's be progressive. Let's have more improvements." Then everybody turns his eyes on me with respect, and someone asks whether I have anything particular in mind, and I say, "Yes, for instance bottles that you can't push the cork down the neck of, and thumb tacks that won't lie with the business end up, and a radio that won't let through swing music or those whiney woman singers." After that the people look up to me and ask me how I get such swell ideas and what college I went to and why I don't give FDR some advice on the New Deal, when goodness knows that he needs it.

Of course, I enjoy such admiration, as anyone would. But there is a fly in the butter, as the saying is, and that takes out a lot of the satisfaction for me. It is this way: I don't really deserve all the honor that I get, for I am not as completely sold on improvements as I try to make out. Some of them I just don't like because I can't get rid of the old-fashioned feeling that improvements should improve. I must even confess that I have a hankering for some of the unimproved things that we used to have. Take suspenders, for instance. In the olden days a man could run and jump and feel sure that he wouldn't come apart. And there was no creeping of shirts, either. The ladies won't understand what that is, but it is a terrible thing, especially if it isn't noticed in time. As a result of it some perfectly good Christians have been mistaken for old-time Chinamen from the rear. And, speaking of shirts, there were some of black sateen that we used to wear. They were the cleanest

things you ever saw. In fact, they never got dirty, and if they were ever washed, it was done more as a matter of superstition than because they needed it.

But the improving of foods is what gives me most trouble. Potatoes were formerly a pleasant thing to eat—mashed, boiled, fried, in the jacket, or in salad. Then came French fries. They won't soak up any gravy and are hard to handle. Next came potato chips. These are not really food, and the ads that invite people to become wealthy by making them, speak for themselves: "Your profit is $36.10 on the bushel, and the stuff that you cook them in doesn't cost much either and lasts a long time." And shoe-string potatoes! The best that can be said for them is that they are well named. They represent a tampering with nature, and one has to clamp down on them as on hickory nuts. I well remember my first mouthful of them and how the pressure gauge went way up and nothing happened. Then, all of a sudden, most of them flew to pieces, and where some of the pieces went I never found out. But one long stick rose straight up and tried to poke out my eyeball from behind. Now I don't eat them anymore, and when they are offered to me, I take them along and throw them to Henry, the ill-mannered dog down the street. He has bitten out two teeth on them so far.

By long odds, my saddest experience has been in sweet potatoes, of which I am very fond. For years we ate them prepared in the simple, satisfying way that has probably been in use since the time of Adam. Then the improving started, and my wife kept up with it. There came a day when she set a dish before me and said, "Here are sweet potatoes made the new way. They are much better like this." She had opened a can of pineapple, laid the rings on top of the potatoes, poured in the broth, and baked the mess. As I took a hesitant forkful, she asked, "How does it taste?" Knowing how touchy women are under such circumstances, I chewed thoughtfully, pondered a bit, and then said affably, "It tastes like some varnish that I ate by mistake before I started school," and I hastened to add, "It was very expensive varnish." But that availed me nothing. When my wife stopped talking the next afternoon, she had made it clear to me that if she had married a certain plumber, this would not have happened. It seems that plumbers like pineapple on their sweet potatoes.

The next improvement came about a year after: a layer of marshmallows on the pineapple. This mixture turned very foamy in the mouth, and when one tried to swallow it, one had that peculiar feeling as if it were going to come out through the ears. Of course, it didn't, and when my wife asked crisply, "Does that remind you of anything?" I said, "Of nothing at all," and there was peace, and in the stillness a robin on the tree

behind the house sang of worms and blue eggs and such other things as robins sing about.

The bananas on the marshmallows and the maple syrup over the bananas appeared in due time, and finally the walnut meats on top. Then I plucked up courage and asked, "Don't you think it might improve this dish to leave out the sweet potatoes and serve them separately?" My wife said with enthusiasm, "I'm sure it would. We'll do that." So now we again eat our sweet potatoes prepared in the simple, satisfying way that has probably been in use since the time of Adam.—And after much thinking I have come to the conclusion that there are two kinds of improvements: those that improve things and those that don't. And I am not so very much in favor of the second kind.

The Rubicon—And Then?

WHEN Congress voted another spending program of more than four billion dollars, at a time when the best estimates point to a Treasury deficit in the new fiscal year of something between three and a half and four billions of dollars, the Administration crossed the Rubicon, and the results no man can prophesy. There are expressions from three sources pointing to the extremely critical situation in business and political life.

The first is an article in the *London Statist* by Sir George Paish, under the caption, "Life or Death! Which?" Paish is, since the death of Keyne, the greatest economist of Great Britain. He views the world as approaching a state of collapse. "Rarely or never was the future more uncertain than at the present time. Politically, no one can estimate what is likely to happen either nationally or internationally. There are few governments that are certain of remaining in power, or nations that are free from the anxiety of war or of revolution. For the moment," he adds, "Mr. Roosevelt's decision to resume his pump-priming by immense Government credit expenditures has reduced the prospect of an almost complete collapse of the world's business machine."

In the *Wall Street Journal,* Thomas F. Woodlock, former member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, wrote regarding the importance of the new pump-priming operation, saying that it lies "not so much in the size of the money figures involved, large as they are, as it does in the fact that it is *the last possible experiment of the kind that is open to us to try.* If the pump does not pick up after this attempt, we shall have to face a completely new orientation. . . . Universal recognition of this fact is sufficiently evidenced by the utterances of administration spokesmen themselves in the charges they have made that business and industry went 'on strike' in order to sabotage the administration's reforms. The ab-

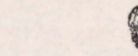
surdity of the explanation in no way diminishes its probative force as admission of the fact." We quote these words without comment since their significance is evident.

Taking higher ground than either of these men, Secretary of State Cordell Hull demands a program of recovery based upon a moral and a spiritual rebirth—"a universal and firm conviction that only if the thought and action of every one of us are guided by the spirit of the Bible, can humanity win through to our ardently desired goal of happy and contented life for all; that if that spirit is cast aside or warped, disaster alone is in store for us." We have room only for the closing words of his statement, words that deserve our most earnest attention.

"Today too many human relationships, within and among nations, rest upon the shifting sands of selfish search for immediate advantage; of mistrust and enmity; of refusal to respect those rights of others, or to fulfill those obligations toward others, without which barbarism, rather than civilized existence, becomes the scheme of life. Inevitably all of us, the victors as well as the victims in this continuous and blind struggle, must become engulfed in the ruin of that social structure which we call civilization. History records too many instances of the downfall of civilizations consequent upon moral and spiritual decadence.

"That is the fate which inexorably awaits us unless we resolutely build our social structure upon the rock of mutual confidence and friendliness; of clear-sighted differentiation between ephemeral and lasting attainments; of sincere and scrupulous respect for the rights of others; of understanding and co-operative effort between individuals and nations.

"Humanity desperately needs today a moral and spiritual rebirth, a revitalization of religion. There is no sure way to this supreme goal save through adherence to the teaching of the Bible."



The New Submerged Class

LITTLE attention has been paid to a certain class of "working unemployed" which are a tragic and a permanent result of the economic depression. We quote from the research made by Mr. Ottomar Fuerbringer, who contributes his results to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Mr. Fuerbringer has reference to the new class of commission salesmen and the proprietors of small businesses which have gone bad.

There are the men who sell from door to door on commission, who get their jobs through the want ads. Usually these salesmen are able to persuade their friends or relatives to buy their article, but that is as far as they can do. Only a very small percentage—about 3 per cent is the consensus of sales managers—can sell a product with profit from door to door. They are the castoffs of competitive industrialism. They sell gadgets, things that will make potato-peeling or can-opening easier, or other kitchen or home novelties, extracts, soaps, baking powders, and a host of other cooking staples. The average of their earnings is from

$2.50 to $3.20 a week. Others that were interviewed had sold weather stripping, stokers, and ice-boxes; they had bought old gold and had solicited music courses and sold guitars.

Then there are the small business men—shoe repairers, grocers, and others, with weekly earnings of less than $5.00. There is a printer here, a junk dealer there. Or a restaurant owner, or a baker, or a man with a dry goods store. "It is astonishing what heroic struggles for existence the plate glass windows and the white painted names of store fronts can hide."

These unfortunates have received almost no attention from politicians, sociologists, or economists. It is well that a newspaper man has featured their plight in an arresting article.

If Franco Wins

THERE is no question regarding the agreement of Mussolini with the Pope on one point: both want Franco to win. If the Madrid government wins, Spain will go Bolshevik. That would make a bad neighbor for a Fascist state like Italy, and would mean a great province lost to the Pope.

Westbrook Pegler, who is himself a Catholic, devoted one edition of his column to the thesis that General Franco will re-establish the Catholic Church, the church which "so neglected its duty to the Spaniards that they were driven to hate it, driven into a bloody war, massacred in vastly greater numbers than they massacred the clergy and conquered by the aid of foreigners representing a political system hideous to them. I ask," continues Pegler, "whether it is now intended to drive the Spanish masses back to the Church at the point of Franco's bayonets, some of them in the hands of Mohammedans, some in the hands of pagan Nazis, without so much as a gesture from the Church to punish or rebuke its guilty and negligent servants."

It is significant that most of the syndicate papers, for fear of Catholic disapproval, refused to print Pegler's article. A prominent Irish-American, Shaemas O'Sheel, addressed the New York *Post* in a letter which set forth the reasons why American Catholics should demand that their bishops secure an unequivocal pronouncement from Rome on the basis of the following facts: "The article on state and church in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* states that the church has the right to require the state to worship God, to provide for such worship and to enjoin it upon its subjects. However, where insistence would be useless or might result in 'greater evils,' the church may waive this right.

"Up to now in this country the right is waived for obvious reasons. But in Vienna recently the right was enforced at the mouths of howitzers and in the blood of workers, women and children; and today in Spain it is

evidently considered feasible to attempt its enforcement by the bayonets of Moors and the bombs of Fascists from the shadow of St. Peter's."

Out on a Limb

OFTEN it takes a long time for some things to sink in. It is now over a year since the Oxford Conference sealed the doom of modern religious liberalism and left many American churchmen out in the cold. They are still shivering and wondering. At the annual Pastors' Institute recently held on the campus of the University of Chicago an evening was spent searching for an answer to the question, "Did Oxford betray the Social Gospel?" That Oxford did is one of the most significant facts in the modern history of religion. That it is taking our liberal American theologians more than a year to realize that they are out on a limb is somewhat surprising. To be out on a limb is bad enough, but not to realize it, is dangerous. The effort made since Oxford to convince the world that the American brand of religious liberalism has something to contribute to ecumenical Christianity has not been very successful. Perhaps in another ten years leaders in the discussion at the Pastors' Institute this summer will be asking, Did I really say that in 1938? Stranger things than that have happened in the field of religious thought in the past decade.

As at Harvard and Yale

IF WE mention Harvard and Yale, it is not because we have to go so far east in order to find examples of the destructive nature of an education based on naturalism, humanism, evolutionism. In most of the state universities and in the average independent college we find the "unbelieving" professor who, by reason of his personal charm, his honesty of mind, his integrity of character, and his abounding sympathy for and interest in the problems of youth, exercises a baneful and injurious effect upon the religious faith of his students. What we started out to say was that a direct attack upon religion is often less harmful in its effects than an attack which is masked. There is Harvard, for instance. It is said that the late William James used to deplore the fact that his courses seemed to lead many students to give up all belief in Christianity. It might have been retorted, and was, that if his students accepted him with any degree of seriousness, no other course was open to them. Yet James, at least in his academic lectures, never professed to be an enemy of revealed religion and could never be brought to realize the incompatibility of the doctrines which he expounded so alluringly with the fundamental principles of Christianity. For years he exercised an influence which his disciples, many of whom now occupy university chairs, have drawn to conclusions far beyond any which the

master himself would have sanctioned.

A contributor to *America* refers to a student of James who was willing to admit that the impression he gathered from the course with James was, chiefly, the sublime unimportance of "dogmatic" religion, religion, that is, of the kind "if you don't believe, you're going to be damned." In other words, religion of the kind preached by Jesus Christ. Like many a highly respected professor today, James treated religious faith as simply one aspect of life, and not a dominant aspect at that. Morals were, to a great extent, a matter of opinion. And since there is no absolute standard of right, there could not be anything absolutely immoral either, and so the Ten Commandments went out the window.

So much for Harvard. A Yale man, in all good faith, once remarked that no Christian need apprehend an attack on his faith at New Haven, because the subject simply was not mentioned there. What he meant is probably illustrated by the story of the young man at Yale who ventured to suggest the application of the Seventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," to the solution of a problem in economics. "O, Mr. Blank," chided the instructor, "we don't discuss religion here." We don't, and yet we do, but it is largely the religion of John Dewey, whose pantheism has lately shed the last of its seven veils and has become openly anti-Christian and atheistic.

Fruit Juice Hours

THE W.C.T.U. is still very much alive, even after sixty-four years of one up and many downs. Their opportunities to bewail the evils of the liquor traffic were seldom better than they are today. They have countless reasons to be energetic and vocal, but none to be silly. At their recent convention in San Francisco they met each day, it was reported, for a fruit juice hour as "a challenge for society to forsake its cocktail hours." If society heard the ring of this challenge, it is effectively drowning it out. No decided drop in business at the cocktail bars has as yet been reported. Such fruit juice gestures may be good publicity, especially in California, but their effectiveness in combating cocktail hours is minus zero. If something could only be done about the tendency of reformers to do the silly thing, they might make some impression upon the wrongs of the world. But when the W.C.T.U. has a fruit juice hour, what is there really left to do but to laugh?

Years ago Ambrose Bierce disappeared into Mexico—perhaps this is the answer to the mystery—

PANORAMA

By E. GORTON COVINGTON

ALMOST hesitantly a mauve and crimson-mottled dawn brings into relief against a barren yellow earth, a group of figures. A firing squad of six nondescript *soldados* stands restlessly at the mouth of a wide arroyo near the outskirts of Chihuahua. The six face a man who stands with his back to an erosion-cut wall of clay, but their eyes are turned inquiringly toward a bland and obese person astride a white horse.

They await with impatience his signal to fire. He turns to the man against the wall, a man not blindfolded and whose hands are not tied. The horseman speaks.

"It is ver' unfortunate, *amigo mio,* that you speak so well of el señor Cartanza las' night. Especially when Pancho Villa is here in Chihuahua. The too *mezcal* you drink, no? Now you are the vic—what you say, victim of circumstance?"

The man addressed makes no reply. The horseman continues.

"My work is not to talk but to act, *viejo.*" He turns to his squad and barks:

"Atencion!"

The listless six straighten, eyes upon the man ten paces away. Soon, now, they may return to a belated breakfast. The man upon the horse again faces the victim.

A striking figure—the man against the wall. He wears a black suit but slightly soiled from a night in a Mexican cell. His linen, from where the squad stands, appears fresh and white. A black cravat is tied neatly over an almost snowy collar. His hair is white, long and wavy; his mouth firm, but with cynically-turned corners partially hidden by a whitening blond mustache. From beneath bushy blond brows piercing blue eyes stare steadily at the sextet of armed men from a face that well conceals more than three-score years of active living.

Behind that impressive countenance thoughts form and disintegrate in profusion; thoughts cynical, bitter. Such thoughts for more than half a century have dominated literary and newspaper opinion in his country.

No drowning person, whose fabled

panorama of life whirled past in fleet review, ever approached the maelstrom of recollection that developed in the mind of the man standing there in the first clear bar of sunlight to knife across the far eastern hills. Possessor of a formative mind, influencer of public thought, cynic of a generation, man of letters, he was now facing the ignoble end of death by leaden slugs from rifles of illiterate serfs whose only thoughts of the moment were of *tortillas* and *cafe.*

His lips bear the merest trace of a smile. Cynic always—what better end? He stands proudly, eyes fixed now upon the obese horseman on the embankment.

The bland face of the rider lights in a perspiring smile.

"Preparada usted?" he asks.

The man in black straightens slightly and nods. The horseman raises his hand, eyes upon his men.

"Apunta!" he cries.

As a six-note run is played by a pianist, the six rifles rise and center upon the left breast pocket of the black coat. The eyes of the prisoner are upon the hand of the horseman. The hand drops . . . the white horse appears to leap into the air and soar downward as from a dizzy height, rider erect in saddle—a phantom horseman in the sky. On a hilltop not far distant lies a man in the blue uniform of a Union soldier, smoke rising and wafting from the muzzle of a long rifle. . . .

. . . strangely in the background appears a gray-clad figure swinging by its neck from a rope fastened to the cross-tie of a railroad trestle and looking down upon it from a position upon the embankment stands a group of Union soldiers. . . .

. . . fading into this scene comes another dangling figure, that of a man swinging from a gibbet. Below him, among the flowers growing in profusion about the foot of the scaffold, plays a little golden-haired girl. She is dressed in snowy white and, from time to time, ceases her play to drive away great vultures that soar in from the crags of high encircling mountains. Then a monk in grey cowl comes and beckons to the hangman's daughter and she departs. . . .

. . . black beetles crawl about in amber fluid; they are transformed magically into type—printshop type that arranges itself into words, phrases, cryptic definitions, ironic, bitter—a Devil's dictionary of misanthropic aspect. . . .

. . . the print turns crimson, red, blood-red; the low bushes, rocks, the bare earth turn red, dripping with blood—and through the crimson mist that suffuses the landscape appears the forbidding face of Halpin Frayser. . . .

. . . weirdly the scene shifts to a newspaper office in Fleet street, London; thence to the *Examiner* office in San Francisco . . . to the edge of that city where into the murky picture walks Jack London with a group of boisterous friends . . . then come other faces . . . George Sterling . . .

Collis P. Huntington . . . William Randolph Hearst . . . General Hazen . . . Percival Pollard . . . H. L. Mencken . . . Jo McCracken . . . Albert . . . Leigh . . . Helen . . . Molly Day . . . all whirl back into a grey world —a world now turning black, utterly lightless, void. . . .

The officer on the white horse sits gazing stolidly at his squad. The six men are lowering their rifles. Once erect, the figure in black now lies in an oddly crumpled position, arms outstretched, hands open.

Dismounting, the fat one approaches the body, turns it over with the toe of his boot. The body settles, the lips move. The swarthy one leans closer.

". . . Lo, the Phantom Caravan has reached the Nothing it set out from. Oh, make haste!"

The phrase is meaningless to the listener. He understands but little English.

One of the outstretched arms is propped against the clay embankment. From the right breast pocket of the black coat protrudes an oblong white card overlooked by the ragged squad that searched the prisoner the night before. Picking it up the officer glances at it and, with a throaty laugh, places it securely between the lax fingers of the upraised hand.

"Una lapiz!" he exclaims, smiling. A tombstone.

He remounts and leads away his impatient squad. The crumpled figure is alone. The white card lies bright in the morning sunlight. On it, in plain block letters, are two words.

AMBROSE BIERCE!

Foolish Time-Saving

Detroit police conducted a test of two cars over a 12-mile course through the city. One driver was told to take many chances and in general to drive as fast as possible, to save seconds—even if it meant driving recklessly. The other was to drive sensibly. The "crazy" driver saved exactly 3 minutes—or 15 seconds per mile.—PAUL W. KEARNEY

The PILGRIM

By O. P. KRETZMANN

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Jesuit Aphorisms

LATE summer interlude. . . . A good friend sends us a little volume entitled *The Art of Worldly Wisdom* by the seventeenth century Spanish Jesuit Balthasar Gracian. . . . Etched in my memory is the dreary January night in Baltimore too many years ago when, tiring of pushing a pencil over paper, I wandered into the stacks and found Gracian. . . . Excursion. . . . Surely there are few places in the world more eerie than the stacks of a great library at midnight. . . . If ghosts ever walk, they walk here and now. . . . Shadows weave over the silent rows as the stark branches of the elm beyond the tall windows move madly in the bitter winds from the sea. . . . Here are books—books conceived in pain and written in blood, great books, little books, good books, ugly books. . . . Books that sing the epic of our long past, books that are prisons of dreams. . . . They whisper in a moment of quiet as the wind is lost in the quadrangle—of yesterdays that are still in the making, of tomorrow that lie waiting between their covers. . . . Memory will not walk straight, and somehow Velma Hitchcock's lines to an abbey linger among the shelves:

"Here where these others have laid down
The purse, the victor's sword, the crown;
Where poets have shed the laurel wreath
And broken hearts have come to grief;
Where princes lie asleep at last
And humbler shadows jointly cast
A silence that but mocks the breath,
Calling itself superbly, Death.
Here now, a bit impatiently,
A group of tourists press to see
Each marker and each monument,
Which done, they leave in high content
With thoughts of tea and toasted scones
To take the place of dead men's bones;
Thus back to where they started from
Make room for others yet to come."

But back to Gracian. . . . Since he was a member of the order which more than any other organization in the history of man has brought the universal process of rationalization to something akin to perfection, his hard, cool, brittle wisdom may be worth a few moments these still September

days. . . . The Jesuit walks beside the Pilgrim but not for long. . . .

The Art of Letting Things Alone

"The more so the wilder the waves of public or of private life. There are hurricanes in human affairs, tempests of passion, when it is wise to retire to a harbour and ride at anchor. Remedies often make diseases worse: in such cases one has to leave them to their natural course and the moral suasion of time. It takes a wise doctor to know when not to prescribe, and at times the greater skill consists in not applying remedies. The proper way to still the storms of the vulgar is to hold your hand and let them calm down of themselves. To give way now is to conquer by and by. A fountain gets muddy with but little stirring up, and does not get clear by our meddling with it but by our leaving it alone. The best remedy for disturbances is to let them run their course, for so they quiet down."

Look into the Interior of Things

"Things are generally other than they seem, and ignorance that never looks beneath the rind becomes disabused when you show the kernel. Lies always come first, dragging fools along by their irreparable vulgarity. Truth always lags last, limping along the arm of Time. The wise therefore reserve for it the other half of that power which the common mother has wisely given in duplicate. Deceit is very superficial, and the superficial therefore easily fall into it. Prudence lives retired within its recesses, visited only by sages and wise men."

"Never take Things against the Grain,

no matter how they come. Everything has a smooth and seamy side, and the best weapon wounds if taken by the blade, while the enemy's spear may be our best protection if taken by the staff. Many things cause pain which would cause pleasure if you regarded their advantages. There is a favourable and an unfavourable side to everything: the cleverness consists in finding out the favourable. The same thing looks quite different in another light; look at it therefore on its best side and do not exchange good for evil. Thus it haps that many find joy, many grief, in everything. This remark is a great protection against the frowns of fortune, and a weighty rule of life for all times and all conditions."

The Secret of Long Life

"Lead a good life. Two things bring life speedily to an end: folly and immorality. Some lose their life because they have not the intelligence to keep it, others because they have not the will. Just as virtue is its own reward, so is vice its own punishment. He who lives a fast life runs through life in a double sense. A virtuous life never dies. The firmness of the soul is communicated to the body, and a good life is long not only in intention but also in extension."

All of which is not religion, though many in our day would hail it as such.

Staff's End

VERSE for September—from the hand of Charles Malam, occasional contributor to the *New York Times:*

Before Frost

"The time is now two months before the ice,
And in the hills each house and lonely farm
Burns incense to departing Summer. Spice
Floats on the heavy air. Smoky and warm
The slow hours move, while men and tall boys loot
Orchard and heavy bush, and housewives slice,
Peel, core and clean, and cook the fragrant fruit
To haunt the wandering bees with Summer twice.

By pasture fence and wall the cattle browse;
Range over range the wooded hill-slopes rust;
The scents of clove and cider-apples house
Meadow and hill, old farm and hill road dust,
Where man and wife preserve the Summer's sum
Against the bleak time when the ice shall come."

And have you looked at Keats' "Ode to Autumn" recently?

The Nation begins a fascinating series of articles on "Living Philosophies." . . . The first, "Two Cheers for Democracy," by E. M. Forster is the *credo* of a disillusioned liberal who has found a doubtful anchorage. . . . The heart of his faith is in the following paragraph: "I distrust Great Men. They produce a desert of uniformity around them and often a pool of blood, too, and I always feel a little man's pleasure when they come a cropper. I believe in aristocracy though—if that's the right word, and if a democrat may use it. Not an aristocracy of power, based upon rank and influence, but an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate, and the plucky. Its members are to be found in all nations and classes, and all through the ages, and there is a secret understanding between them when they meet. They represent the true human tradition, the one permanent victory of our queer race over cruelty and chaos. Thousands of them perish in obscurity; a few are great names. They are sensitive for others as well as for themselves, they are considerate without being fussy, their pluck is not swankiness but the power to endure, and they can take a joke. . . . On they go—an invincible army, yet not a victorious one. The aristocrats, the elect, the chosen, the best people—all the words that describe them are false, and all attempts to organize them fail. Again and again authority, seeing their value, has tried to net them and to utilize them as the Egyptian priesthood or the Christian church or the Chinese civil service or the Group Movement, or some other worthy stunt. But they slip through the net and are gone; when the door is shut they are no longer in the room; their temple, as one of them remarked, is the holiness of the heart's imagina-

tion, and their kingdom, though they never possess it, is the wide-open world." No comment—but, Mr. Forster, what is this "holiness of the heart's imagination" unless there is Someone to make the heart holy? . . . You are realistic enough to know that holiness doesn't just happen. . . .

A few months ago a few of our readers objected to the moral indignation of some of the reviews which appear in the columns of THE CRESSET. . . . At the time we said that we would continue to be indignant when books acquire a bad odor from wandering around sewers. . . . Now, strangely enough, unexpected support comes from Howard Mumford Jones, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July. . . . Although his indignation is intellectual rather than moral, the line between these two is often finer than our adolescent sophisticates will admit. . . . Mr. Jones speaks out: "Suppose that by the twenty-fifth century a great natural catastrophe has destroyed all vestiges of American civilization, but that an exploring expedition from New Zealand digs in the ruins of the apartment house where I live and finds preserved the contemporary novels on my shelves. These they take back to Auckland, that centre of the Japanese-Eurasian culture of the day, where delighted anthropologists and historians set to work to reconstruct the vanished culture of the United States as we, from brick tablets, try to reconstruct Babylonian civilization or from the remains of Anglo-Saxon literature try to imagine what life in the British Isles was like between Julius Caesar and William the Conqueror. What extraordinary conclusions they will draw! Not finding anything important in these books about the public school systems, symphony orchestras, medical foundations, the efficiency of our railroad system, our bus lines, or our highways, gymnasiums, churches, philanthropy, humor, health, or a dozen other matters we take for granted, they will solemnly conclude from the evidence that the vanished Americans lived in a state of perpetual insanity; that their whole lives were spent in crimes of violence; that rapine filled the land, thievery was common, every man was unhappy and every woman unchaste. They will draw, in short, a picture of a desolate and degraded culture without order, without government, without a code of conduct (or with one but feebly enforced), without means of subsistence (for all farmers in fiction fail), a land in which gangs of desparate men banded together to loot the few remaining seats of justice, a people that treated its children with unexampled brutality, a country of greed, famine, selfishness, a nation living in the dark ages of mankind." . . . That's what we were saying when Mr. Jones entered.

The first of a series of articles presenting a critical survey of modern letters—

Modern Literature: Whence and What?

By ALFRED KLAUSLER

E. M. FORSTER, one of the most acute of modern British critics and himself a distinguished novelist, maintains that the novel, like human nature, does not change. He also claims that among the many experiments in technique conducted by our modern writers the one of destroying the time-sequence in the novel is doomed to failure because thereby the values of a novel are rendered unintelligible and useless.

Whether Mr. Forster's disparagement of these adventures in technique is valid is still being debated. Indirectly, however, he does point out the inescapable fact that the majority of our modern writers are too highly intellectualized. The situations they dramatize are very often treated as interesting algebraic formulas without a consideration of the moral or spiritual issues involved. We watch the progress and development of the stated themes as technical problems in dramaturgy, but we are neither profoundly exalted nor deeply stirred. When Henry Seidel Canby wrote that in Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra* "there is none of that spiritual exaltation that waits upon tragedy," he was pointing out a problem present in a most troubling way in our national literature.

Since the World War there seem to have been two factors present in the development of American literary life. It is significant that these factors have practically no relation to the direct issue of religion and morals in the life of an individual. For one thing, there has been among our leading novelists a bitter hatred of the complacent middle-class social and business world. One of the bitterest rebels was Sinclair Lewis. Toward the end of the Twenties there was also a growing consciousness among American writers that our economic system

was unsatisfactory and that there was a need to hasten its disintegration. Some novelists sought to escape from these problems, as, for example, James Branch Cabell. On the other hand, there was an increasing amount of discussion about the role of propaganda in literature.

When William James announced the discovery of the subliminal self (anticipated by Coleridge) and when Theodule Ribot explained the presence of the unconscious memory within us, a revolution far more profound in its effect on modern literature than anything Karl Marx had ever written was anticipated. Add to this Pierre Janet's doctrine of several personalities present in every individual, and we can readily understand the background of James Joyce's monumental work *Ulysses*.

None of the great modern novels or poems can be fully understood without considering Henri Bergson, the French philosopher, who insisted upon destroying the convention of time. He attempted to show that time, as we understand it, consists merely of the present experience in which all past and future experiences are already contained. Marcel Proust seized this theory, distilled it through his own complex personality, and presented to the world *A La Recherche Du Temps Perdu,* a novel which is not only tremendously involved but at the same time a study of French morality.

The influence of Joyce and Proust has been so immense that it would be an almost thankless task to discuss every significant modern writer and poet, let alone painter and musician, who has been affected by what these men have accomplished. James Joyce's use of the interior monologue has been adopted by Eugene O'Neill. Marcel Proust's destruction of the time element has affected such diverse Americans as John Dos Passos and Thomas Wolfe. Coupled with the exploiters of these new discoveries in philosophy and psychology, there is still a vast body of American writers who derive their aesthetic and moral doctrines from the French Symbolist poets or from the German, French, and English critics of the 19th century. Above all, it is worth remembering that, in the attempt to produce objective writing, most writers present moral delinquencies as the by-product of an age or an economic system. The impression produced is one of obscenity unrelieved by a knowledge of moral and spiritual values.

The selection of John Dos Passos, William Faulkner, and Thomas Wolfe may perhaps be arbitrary, but a careful study of their work and their aims will give a general idea of the state of American literature and the direction in which it is going.

John Dos Passos

According to his publishers, John Dos Passos receives perhaps more letters from college students interested in writing than any other contemporary writer. The older genera-

tion seems to deplore John Dos Passos' efforts at trying to record the bewildering American scene. He is accused of being a Marxist, of being unintelligible, of being slipshod. That he reaches the best-seller lists at all is something of a testimony to the younger generation's interest in a significant writer.

John Dos Passos was born in 1896, in Chicago. He received his education at Harvard. During the World War he fought as a volunteer in Italy. He met Ernest Hemingway toward the close of the war, and together the two visited Spain and Paris. The two became intimate friends. Although Dos Passos published a minor novel in 1917, it was not until 1921, with the appearance of *Three Soldiers,* that it was apparent a new writer had appeared. With *Three Soldiers* Dos Passos anticipated many of the later anti-war novels. The publication of *Manhattan Transfer* (1927) established John Dos Passos as a major American novelist. In 1927 he engaged in the Sacco-Vanzetti demonstrations with other American intellectuals. He was arrested and imprisoned for a short time for his picketing activities.

In the succeeding years John Dos Passos began work on the trilogy *U.S.A.* The first part, *42nd Street,* was received with misgivings by the more conservative critics since it was evident that he had adopted a new technique by which he attempted to show simultaneous action on different levels. It was his device to cover the complexity of American life. The two succeeding novels of *U.S.A., 1919* and *The Big Money,* earned for him an increasingly larger public. At first glance a Dos Passos novel strikes one as an annoying hodge-podge of incidents, of unintelligible words strung into sentences, noted Americans jostling imaginary characters. His language is clipped and verbless. It has, if read steadily, an irritating staccato effect. Characters appear suddenly and then disappear without further ado. In addition he himself appears in his novels in the now famous technical device, "the camera eye." He has invented this contrivance to establish his right of omniscience and to furnish details not otherwise relative to the action of the novel. Newspaper headlines appear at stated intervals to furnish the background for the incidents of the novel. There are biographical portraits of noted Americans of the last three decades. Throughout his later novels it is very evident that he has attempted to forge a new style and technique for the novel, a style that will be in harmony with the mad rhythm of current American life. Machinery dominates America. We are an industrial nation. Hence, in his novels there is a restlessness and drive that reminds one unpleasantly and insistently of the conveyor assemblies in Detroit.

The total effect of all these living and imaginary characters upon the reader is of one of those government survey maps of a farmer's fields. The various fields receive their proper

shading, but all the fields contribute toward the creation of a dark and sombre picture. Charley Anderson, Margo Dowling, Big Bill Haywood, Henry Ford, and a host of others swarm through the pages of *U.S.A.* They are men and women caught in the drive of American civilization. In the end they are either corrupted by this material way of life or else they experience complete defeat. Dos Passos succeeds in impressing upon the reader the vitiating effect of our business civilization.

Although John Dos Passos has presented American life as a suicidal venture, he is open to criticism when he portrays his characters as puppets without any definite notion of life. They are jerked about by the workings of a mad economic system. They have no right to determine the direction their lives are to take. The Marxian dialectic controls every movement and thought. On the other hand, however, the biographies which he has scattered through his novels reveal people with a certain amount of purpose. They seem to have a right to choose morality or immorality. It is natural to assume that, for consistency's sake, his created characters might have been endowed with a similar ability. It is also doubtful whether our collective American life is as violently rotten as Dos Passos has depicted it. One critic has accused him of living in a kind of spiritual drought, another has called his novels literary nightmares.

That John Dos Passos is accepted today as a leading novelist points either to the fact that the novel, as far as its form and purpose are concerned, has changed, or that Taine's and Sainte-Beuve's theories have reached the autumnal stage and that we are now awaiting new critical theories to resurrect the novel.

William Faulkner

William Faulkner was born in 1897, in Oxford, Mississippi. He comes from a long line of Southern generals, statesmen, and writers. His family fought in the Civil War. The memories of that bitter period are re-echoed in almost all his novels. He attended the University of Mississippi for two years and then joined the Canadian Flying Corps. At the close of the World War he spent some time in Paris. He returned to the United States to live in New Orleans. His intimate friend and neighbor during his New Orleans residence was Sherwood Anderson. At present William Faulkner is living in Oxford, Mississippi.

His first novels and short stories received greater recognition in Paris and England than in the United States. His first novel, *Soldier's Pay,* was a bitter arraignment of war. *Mosquitoes* (1927) and *The Sound and the Fury* (1929) continued to build his reputation. With the publication of *As I Lay Dying* (1930) and *Sanctuary* (1931) his importance increased. *Pylon* (1933), a story of aviators, showed him in a new role.

Not until *Absalom, Absalom* (1936) was it apparent that William Faulkner was a writer whose intellectual and creative abilities were of major status. He has also published several volumes of short stories and a collection of poems.

William Faulkner belongs to the post-war generation of American novelists. The spirit of frustration and bitter cynicism which so many other novelists adopted has been part of his development. This sense of defeat and amorality he has incorporated into the structure of all his novels. The people in his novels, whether poor whites or members of other classes, are morally and spiritually degraded and negative. They live their lives in a shadow of corruption and fear. It is a Mississippi underworld, where poor whites, cheap gin perverts, and decadent remnants of ancient and honorable Southern families are thrown into a violent mixture.

Coupled with such a collection of characters, Faulkner has evolved a painful technique to depict the dissolution of a once noble pre-Civil War civilization. The novels have a complex structure. Characters are unfolded by the device of monologue and by the use of the technique of back-tracking. Nowhere is this highly technical device shown more thoroughly than in that amazingly complicated and, in a certain sense, Proustian novel, *Absalom, Absalom.*

Absalom, Absalom is the story of Thomas Sutpen's plantation before and after the Civil War. The story is told by Quentin Compson, a grandson of Sutpen's father-in-law. Thomas Sutpen, seized by an overwhelming desire to be independent, leaves his West Virginia mountain and hunts his fortune in the West Indies. In Haiti he marries Eulalia Bon. To this union there is born a son, Charles. When Sutpen discovers that his wife is an octoroon, he deserts her and moves to Mississippi. Here he establishes a plantation in the face of a Southern town's hostility to a stranger. In order to establish himself, he marries Ellen Coldfield. They have two children, Henry and Judith. Sutpen's former wife hears of this marriage and is determined to avenge herself upon her faithless husband. With the aid of an unscrupulous lawyer it is arranged that her son, Charles Bon, should marry the daughter of Sutpen by his second marriage. Judith falls in love with Charles Bon. The trick is discovered, however, both by Sutpen and Charles Bon. The remainder of the story deals with the adventures of Charles Bon and his half-brother, Henry, who is determined to prevent the incestuous union. The story reaches a gruesome climax which drags down both the innocent and the guilty to violent deaths.

The technique Faulkner uses is complex. He invokes the past in the manner in which Proust did, namely, with the idea that the past contains the seeds of decay which may flower both in the present and in the future. His prose becomes a tortured effort to recall every fleeting mood and move-

Carolina Playmakers and discoverer of Maxwell Anderson. Thomas Wolfe completed his graduate work at Harvard under George Pierce Baker, whose workshop 47 has produced many of America's leading dramatists. He taught for a time at New York University. During this period he started writing *Look Homeward, Angel.* The manuscript traveled from publisher to publisher before it was accepted in 1929. Since the publication of *Look Homeward, Angel* he has written *Of Time and the River,* two volumes of short stories, and an autobiographical sketch.

Look Homeward, Angel is the story of the Gant family in Altamont, Catawba. It is principally the account of the young boyhood and adolescence of Eugene Gant, youngest member of a fantastic family. The members of the family receive detailed treatment until Thomas Wolfe achieves the triumph of true character creation. Any number of scenes in this novel are among the most hauntingly lovely in all contemporary American fiction.

In the course of the novel Wolfe drops his thinly veiled disguise and says that he is attempting to describe the "complex nastiness of village life." Yet the total impression one receives of Altamont is of burgeoning growth, a typical American town growing lustily in the years before and during the World War. In Altamont all the moods of another day in American life are reflected. Altamont cannot be stopped from growing. It alone is a fact imperishable, forever alive. The people living in Altamont may be ruled by chance. "Through chance we are each a ghost to all others, and our only reality." There are things not ruled by chance: the country, the rivers, the sounds and smells of nature, the railroads, the growing villages. The hero may cry out in adolescent heroics: "What in God's name are we living for?" and at the same time have an unrepressed delight in America. Throughout the novel Eugene Gant hunts for happiness, for certainty. He cannot find peace in books, land, travel, education. His brother Ben's ghost says to him: "There is no happy land. There is no end to hunger. *You* are your world."

When *Of Time and the River* was published it was apparent that Wolfe wished to reconstruct the passing of time within one individual's life. Rivers, trees, mountains, the prairies, all that was America, constituted Time. Individuals in their hunt for quiet and peace were to be shown against the immutability of Time. All through his forthcoming books there will occur again and again that ancient American pioneer cry for new horizons and new conquests. Somehow this yearning restlessness will have to be realized. When Eugene Gant is in Europe he suddenly sees that Europe is a failure. He is seized with a desire to return to America—the land of a leaf, a stone, a door, trees, everything that establishes man's mortality against the background of the changelessness of nature.

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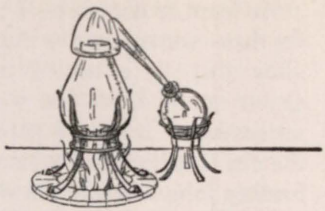
To Wolfe there is an unbounding joy in the promise of America. Life is rich and complex. It is impossible to remain in a protracted state of gloom. He wishes to convey his enthusiasm to all Americans. He pours out words to describe people's faces, whether at a lonely flag-stop or drifting about Union Square. All constitutes America. In him there is something of the boundless, all-embracing hedonism of Walt Whitman. But despite the loveliness of his first novel, he was unable to recreate the same mood of the timeliness of America in *Of Time and the River.*

It is quite the fashion to maintain today that writing in America has reached a dead-end. The contrary opinion is maintained in England and the Scandinavian countries. Mary Colum says: "The truth of it is that, in spite of some interesting writers and their technical innovations, we are still living on the ideas, the literary doctrines, the programs of the nineteenth century." She claims that most writing today is followed as a trade and is, therefore, oftentimes confused with literature. Other critics maintain that too much attention has been paid to social and political issues, with the resultant neglect of the individual. For a time after the World War there was an almost morbid attention being paid to the variations of the American's sex life. The effect of all these preoccupations is the flood of literary bilge of every sort cluttering the rental libraries.

There are, however, straws in the wind indicating different and new directions. The old literary gods are tottering or are already completely smashed. There is no doubt that we are in a transition period in America. The theory of government is changing, the function of education and religion is being restudied; and the old philosophies are in shreds. Perhaps the above three writers may be violently exaggerative. By their very exaggeration they may be clearing the American literary scene of the accumulated debris of old ideas inherited from the nineteenth century. Thomas Wolfe, John Dos Passos, and William Faulkner have this one thing in common: they are dissatisfied with what has been offered them so far. Now they are all, in their own manner, hunting for the permanent in life. But what new trends there will be, what new novels are to be written, cannot be predicted.

It is entirely probable that there will be an increasing interest in religion. There will be less attention given to the surface phenomena of American life and more attention paid to the motivating forces of all actions. At present we need a new appraisal, a new definition by some great critic, to establish the qualifications of the literature that is to be written. Until such a critic appears our writing will undoubtedly be aimless, our art without goal; for a true critic alone establishes the aim and quality of a period.



THE ALEMBIC

By THEODORE GRAEBNER

"The world cares little for anything a man has to utter that has not previously been distilled in the alembic of his life."

HOLLAND, *Gold-Foil*

—**The Wedding Ring — an* Historical Assay.** No, little stupid, *assay* is not a spelling error for *essay*. I am not announcing an es'say on the history of the wedding ring** but an historical assay'. An assay is an analysis of some mineral, to discover its ingredients. I am not interested in the proportion of gold, whether it be ten, fourteen, or eighteen karat fine. My purpose is to make an *historical* assay, something rarely, if ever attempted.

There is not one chance in a million that the ring you slipped on her hand in June was virgin gold, gold straight from the mine or from the assayer's office. All gold is old gold. Gold is so valuable that it is never destroyed, has never been destroyed. And so there is much gold in the jewelry shops that has been molten and remolten again and again, containing particles centuries old, and at least some molecules at Tiffany's or Peacock's that date from days of ancient Rome.

If we then had some kind of cruci-

* Editor, associate editors, copy readers, and proof readers will not tamper with this article and substitute "A." My ear has been trained to rebel against "a historical" or any "a" before any unaccented syllable beginning with h, as it rebels against the transitions in Sibelius' Fourth Symphony. The Cresset office has lately sent us a memorandum of two pages containing rules for the comma, to supplement a closely printed leaflet saying what the printer expects in the way of paragraphing and punctuating. But "an historical" must stand.

** As usual, casting our pearls with a prodigal hand before our academic readers: an intriguing theme for a doctor's dissertation, "History of the Wedding Ring." The fact that you know nothing about it need not be a deterrent. I have a young friend who lately made his summa cum laude with "Prolegomena to the History of the Roman Door Knob"; and another did his Master in "Eskimo Subjunctives." Neither had a more intimate acquaintance than you or I with these subjects when he began to comb the bibliographies. "The History of the Wedding Ring" is recommended to all our young hopefuls in anthropology and sociology.

ble or alembic to analyze the gold until all its atoms be arranged according to centuries and millenia, then we should have such an historical assay as my subject calls for and as must remain fanciful until such technique has been developed.

But it is easy to see that with all this gold from ancient Babylonian and Jewish days, from the time of Croesus and of Crassus, still floating about, amalgamated with the gold that Pizarro brought from Peru and the nuggets that came from the Klondike, a ring bought this year may possess strange ingredients.

Let us hope that, tested in some crucible that can identify historical values, the particular wedding ring you are wearing since June or gave someone to wear, will be found to contain none of the ill-fated metal from the wedge of gold that Achan coveted, and took, and left in the valley of Achor; nor of the tribute that Nero referred to with his famous "Non olet"—"It doesn't smell"; nor of the coin that bought Benedict Arnold; nor of the profit of the slave trade. Rather let that small circlet contain at least some particles of the gold that was once laid upon the mercy seat, or once covered the cherubim on the Ark; some of the glorious coin that Christians paid to free the slaves in the Alexandrian market; some of the metal that changed hands in order that Tyndale's New Testament might be brought to England; some few molecules of the largess of minted gold that enabled Livingston to bring the Gospel to Central Africa.

At least in one case—I can vouch for that—some particles went into the alloy that were mined neither in Ophir nor in Utah, but were picked up somehow from the pavements of the city that lieth four-square, seen by brother John when he was in the isle that is called Patmos—the City whose streets are gold and whose walls are jasper.

Talent and Genius. If the subject is slightly threadbare, my excuse for claiming precious space* for it at this time is two-fold. There is a new generation that continuously asks the old questions, and our appeal is to youth. Then, I have just been reading William Mason's *Memories of a Musical Life,* published in 1902, and have come upon a few incidents that illustrate the difference between genius and mere talent.

Everyone knows the saying that genius consists in the ability of taking infinite pains. In his recollections of his student years in Europe back in the forties and fifties of the last century, Mason refers to Rubinstein's playing. Of him he says that he was "a thoroughly conscientious artist and worked at the piano incessantly many hours a day." Then he continues, "I remember his once saying to me: 'I

* The head office has decreed that all departments shall be limited to five pages. The head office is becoming every month more and more insupportable.

dislike nothing more than to have people say to me, as they frequently do, "But you do not have to practice, for you are a born genius and get everything by nature." It is provoking to listen to such stuff after having worked so hard.' " That seems to confirm the statement about "infinite pains." But was Rubinstein a genius?

There was Dreyschock, who was, like Rubinstein, a man of tremendous ability, though not a genius. Alexander Dreyschock was one of the most distinguished pianoforte virtuosos of his time, and his specialty was his wonderful octave-playing. Conversing with Tomaschek, his teacher, one day upon the rapid progress in piano technique, Tomaschek remarked that more and more in this direction was demanded each day. A copy of Chopin's *Etudes,* open at "Etude No. 12, C Minor," happened to be lying on the piano-desk. It will be remembered that the left-hand part of this etude consists throughout of rapid passages in single notes, difficult enough in the original to satisfy the ambition of most pianists. Tomaschek, looking at this, remarked, "I should not wonder if, one of these days, a pianist should appear who would play all of these single-note left-hand passages in octaves." Dreyschock, overhearing the remark, at once conceived an idea which he proceeded next day to carry into execution. For a period of six successive weeks, at the rate of twelve hours a day, he practiced the etude in accordance with the suggestion of Tomaschek. How he ever survived the effort is a mystery, but, at any rate, he found his opportunity at the next musical evening and played the etude in a brilliant and triumphant manner, with the left-hand octaves.

At this time one of Mason's compositions, *Les Perles de Rosée,* was still in manuscript and a friend of his offered to receive from Liszt permission to have it published with a dedication to him. Mason relates that when he handed the music to Liszt, the latter looked at the manuscript, hummed it over, then sat down, and played it from memory.

Now I depose that, with utmost desire to achieve anything like this incredible mastery of music, no Rubinstein or Dreyschock could duplicate the feat performed with ease by Liszt.

In other words, there is a difference, not of degree but of kind, between talent and genius.

This is not denying that genius must develop, or that it will use the labors of predecessors; and this applies to the creative geniuses, of which no century, except the 5th B.C. and the 15th A.D., has had more than three or four. Even the highest genius is not dispensed from toil. But the ability to toil untiringly is not yet genius.

I have seen a master of Gothic draw free-hand in twenty minutes, without the aid of logarithms and slide-rule, the intersections of two systems of groined arches.

We admire the skill of versification and beauty of diction in Longfellow's *Evangeline.* But there is more than great art in Tennyson's *Maud,* his

Lady of Shalott, his *Lotus Eaters.* I will give you all of *Evangeline* for two stanzas of the "Choric Song" of the *Lotus Eaters.*

A thousand archeologists burning the oil of a million midnights will not make the scenes in the Roman arena live again as Mark Twain makes them live in *Innocents Abroad.*

Raphael and the Toonerville Trolley. I am beginning to believe that the profession of a musical critic, like no other, renders its adepts insensible to human distress. This must have been the impression left with my thirty-seven readers* when they noted in last month's Musical Department the reception given our plea, in the preceding issue, that so far as the judgment regarding modern music is concerned we were "out on a limb." The *Alembic* was made to feel like an opossum out on the end of a branch with one negro boy jumping up and down while the others hold a gunny sack. Accepting our judg-

* The upward curve in our statistics—we gained nearly a hundred per cent since June, whereas the gain of the entire CRESSET for the month was only two thousand subscribers, or twenty-five per cent—is accounted for (if our correspondence is to be trusted) by a chance discovery made by some of my readers. It seems that they have found the *Alembic* a quarry, so to say, for after-dinner speeches, particularly in connection with the recent June weddings. One of our group writes in to thank me for a "life saver"—the story of the St. Louis hearse, —which, "fitted beautifully," he remarks, "the circumstances of a recent wedding at which I was toastmaster." Others in a similar strain.

Is it possible that we are aiding in the solution of one of the most clamant social problems of the day? Are we at least checking the decay of what was once considered the chief in a minor group of fine arts—the after-dinner speech? Are we at least supplying here and there a trifle that will help to render endurable what has become one of the most serious factors in the Decline of the Westland?

Time was—I trust that the new technique of footnotes will allow a brief analysis of what has grown to be the most outstanding pain in the neck of this generation—I say, though even this small type will not allow of a full discussion, time was, when we prepared for an after-dinner speech with as much assiduity as for the acceptance speech when elected Vice-Chairman of the Fourth of July Association. We ransacked scrap books and notebooks for clever quips, quick repartee, and amusing anecdotes. Viewing the dead pans around us at the end of some story that fell flat, we went into the book store when the next wedding threatened and got a volume, "Three Thousand of the World's Best Anecdotes." Out of it all we got was one center-shot, the story of the two Americans in Spain who wanted to order beefsteak. The waiter fails to comprehend; brilliant idea, "I'll draw two cows and he'll understand!"—with the result that the waiter, after looking at the drawing, brings two tickets for the bull fight. Heard the first seven or eight times, this is always good for scattered laughs.

We tried out the classical style according to the prescription of Chauncey Depew, that every after-dinner speech should contain a pun, an anecdote, and a compliment. But the process of decay had gone so far that the old technique was out entirely. This was due chiefly to new methods adopted by toastmasters to render

ment that a certain Andante in Tschaikovsky's Fourth Symphony was good music, Prof. Hansen directs us to Wagner as infinitely superior, and so to the extent of half a column. As if, when we admitted that, while regarding comics generally with indifference, we are amused by the Toonerville Folks, some art critic would tell us, "Fox's Trolley is good, but Raphael's Sistine Madonna is vastly superior; and what would you say to Leonardo's Virgin of the Rocks?" The Musical Department wins.

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their own achievement something to be remembered. The keynote was struck by the master of ceremonies at a banquet in Philadelphia, who opened the speech-making thus, "As the toastmaster is supposed to set off by his lack of performance the brilliance of the speakers which follow, I see, looking about me on this group at the speakers' table, that I must rise to unheard-of heights of dullness!" I say, this idea of covert or direct insult of the speakers has proven highly prolific, and the result is that every speaker, as he is announced, becomes the butt of some ridiculous story. "I shall now request a man to speak who as a boy was an expert in definitions. He was asked to define 'maneuver' and replied, 'Maneuver is what they put on grass. We have maneuver on our lawn.' Asked to define optimism he said, 'An optimist is a man who looks after your eyes, a pessimist looks after your feet.' Well, our brother Bellhower is not a pessimist, as you will etc., etc., etc." This is mild compared with some of the libels uttered upon the speaker, involving his intelligence, if not his integrity. What can he do but laugh loudly, if somewhat hollowly—knowing that his wife will have hysterics on returning to the apartment—and in the best manner of a "good scout" proceed to make his speech.

Are we surprised to note the decline in the quality of after-dinner speeches? Sometimes the toastmaster has the good grace of pretending that the speaker is called upon impromptu. This gives an air of brilliancy even to the feeblest piece of repartee. A business man's reputation for quick thinking is saved. As a matter of fact, he has consulted a little notebook containing jottings from the class reunion last June—or a June five or six years ago. This is really the heart of a distressing situation. Coarseness, lack of point, could be forgiven if the story was new. Today antiquity is no longer a bar to the usefulness of a story or pun. I have heard only within the last year no less than five times, the story of the young groom, who, called upon to make a reply speech, and inadvertently resting his hands upon the shoulder of the bride, said, "This r-r-r-r-r-has been forced upon me." The story was greeted, as it invariably is, with great gales of laughter, showing that we are at least sympathetic with our speaker. My research leads me to believe that this is the oldest after-dinner joke in existence. At a banquet given by Julius Caesar, after defeating Pompey, it was no less a man than Cicero himself who had been drafted for a speech and introduced it with a little story. When Ovidius Publius was married to Sophronisbe and was called upon to make a speech, he remarked, leaning upon his bride's shoulder: *"Hoc invito mihi coactum est."* Prof. Naville has lately deciphered an inscription on a tomb of the fourth dynasty of Egypt—

(Note by the Editor: This brings us close to the beginnings of recorded history and besides, the *Alembic's* learned dissertation which began with a hearse and ends with an Egyptian tomb has completed the circle. Anyhow, five pages is the allowed—)

(Note by the *Alembic:* If the editor, who can show a growth of only twenty-five per cent, can dictate to a department which gains ninety-eight per cent in one month, certain abstract principles of justice are made null and void. Besides, the discovery of Prof. Naville is of

MUSIC and Music Makers

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Will Frederick Delius Go Down in History as One of the Important Seers of Recent Decades?

Many students of music know that once upon a time—from 1658 to 1695—there lived an important English musician by the name of Henry Purcell. In addition, they have often heard it said that this man was by far the greatest composer ever given to the world by England. If they have read Paul Landormy's excellent *A History of Music* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York and London. 1927), they have undoubtedly been startled by the author's question, "Was not this greatest among English musicians the last as well?"

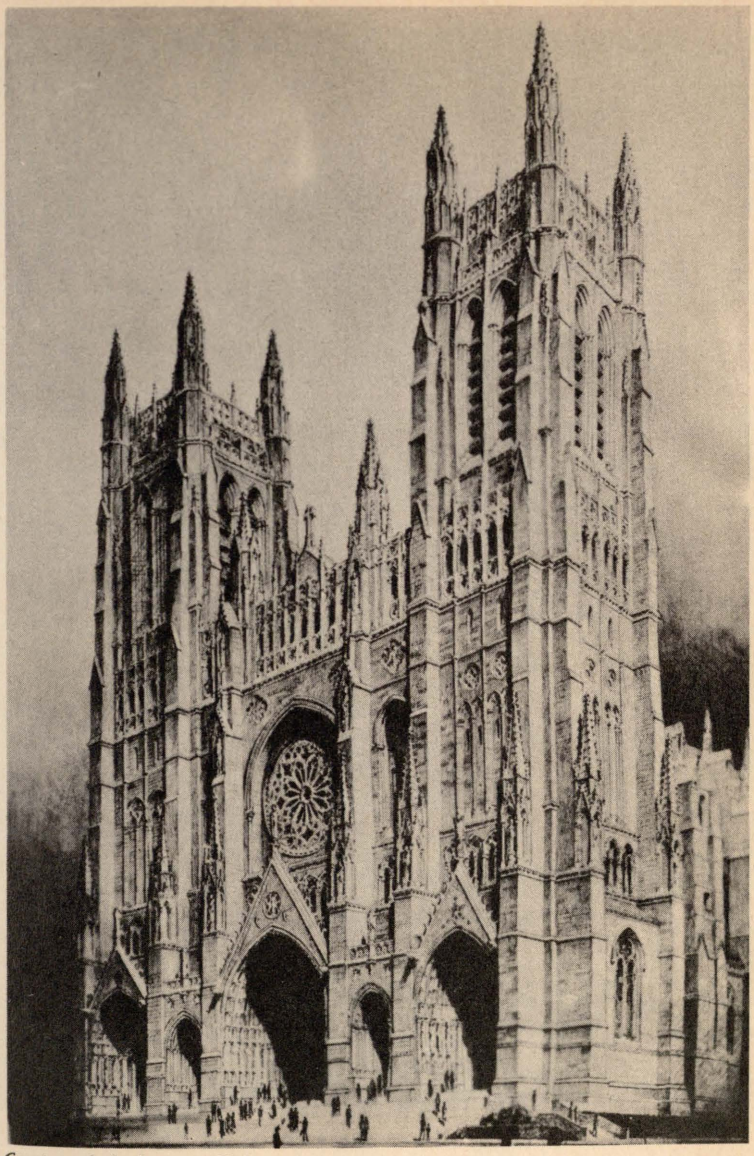
Is any one able to give a completely satisfactory answer to Landormy's poser? We may have convictions of our own, and we may cling to suspicions that are grounded on industrious research, but it is usually hazardous to resort to superlatives. If *Music and Music Makers* should be be asked to name some of the unmistakably prominent British composers of recent times, it would consider it necessary to mention Sir Edward Elgar, Gustav Holst, Joseph Holbrooke, Ralph Vaughan Williams, John Ireland, Lord Berners, Frank Bridge, Arnold Bax, Cyril Scott, Arthur Bliss, Eugene Goossens, William Walton, and, above all, Frederick Delius.

Curiously enough, Ernest Newman, one of the most erudite music critics of the present time, says of Delius that "neither he nor his music has any 'national' characteristic so marked as to make it possible for any nation to take him up and exhibit him as its own." If Mr. Newman's surprisingly broad pronouncement is entirely true, some of us have been altogether wrong in supposing that we found the flavor of Britain in that serenely beautiful rhapsody for orchestra called *Brigg Fair.*

After all, England was the birthplace of the strikingly original and passionately sincere composer whom we propose to discuss in this article. He was born in Bradford on January 22, 1862, of parents who had become English by the process of natu-

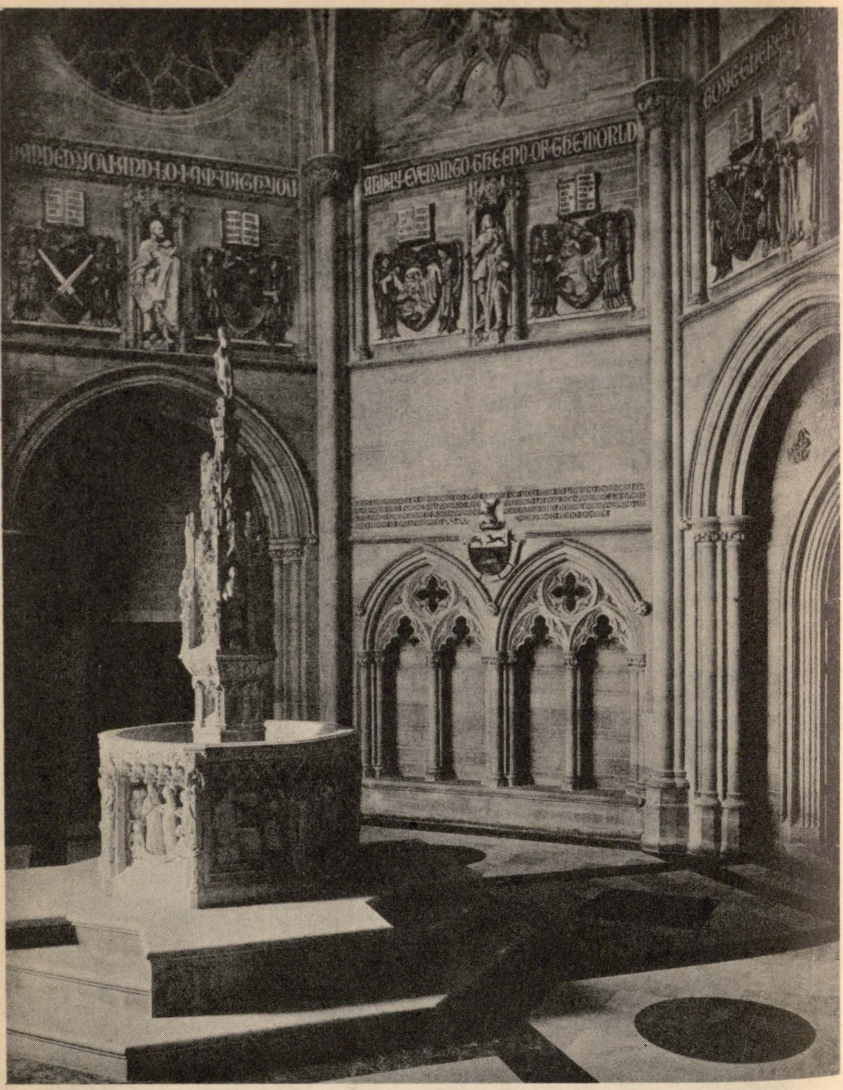
interest at least to the intelligent half hundred—)

(Note by the Editor: Probably Prof. Naville discovered the Egyptian form of the old Greek saying: "A half is better than the whole." Anyway, this is *punctum,* Period.)



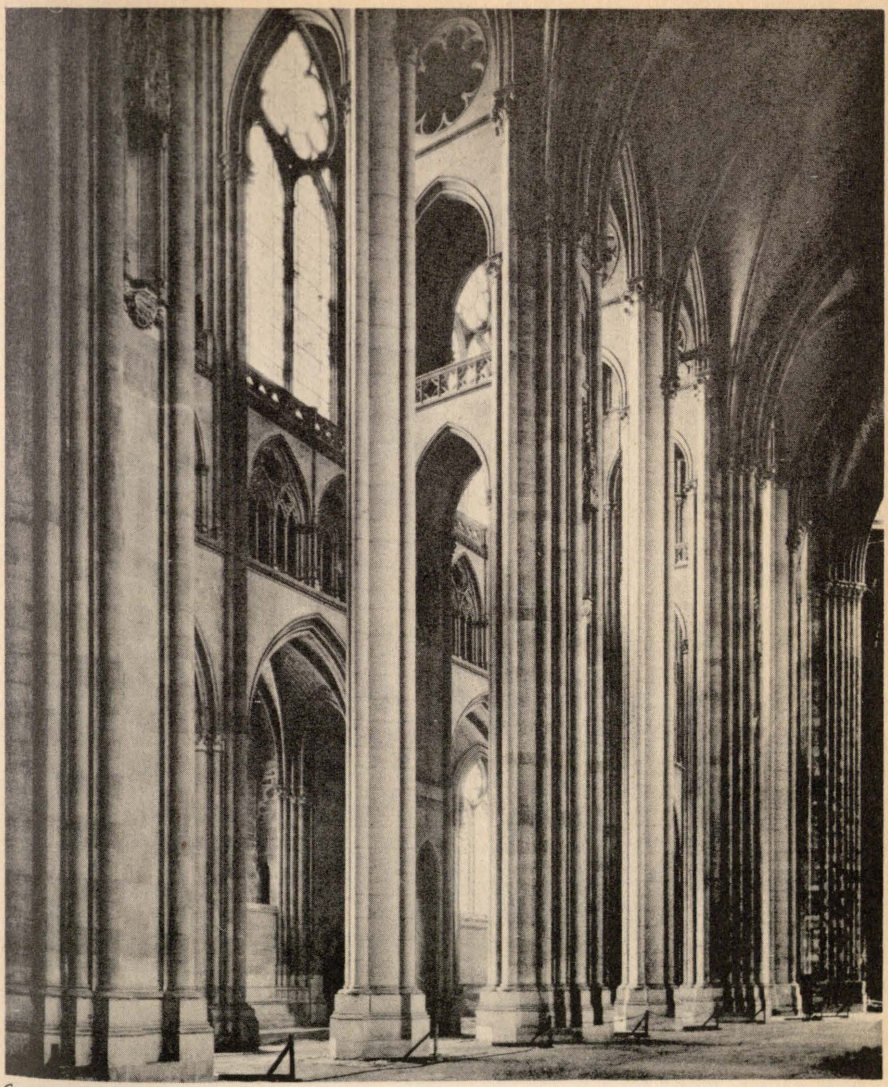
Courtesy of the Laymens Club

The West Front—The Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City is two thirds complete. The West Front is two hundred and seven feet wide. The towers of St. Peter and St. Paul are not yet finished. They are to be two hundred and sixty-eight feet high. An unusual feature is the five portals. In the Central portal are the Golden Doors, pictured in the February CRESSET. In the others the doors are of teakwood from Burma.



Courtesy of the Laymens Club

The Baptistry is done in XIV Century Gothic. Since it is the Stuyvesant Memorial, the eight figures in the niches are characters that have been prominent in the history of Holland. The font, of Champville marble, is fifteen feet high. This is said to be the most beautiful Baptistry in Christendom.

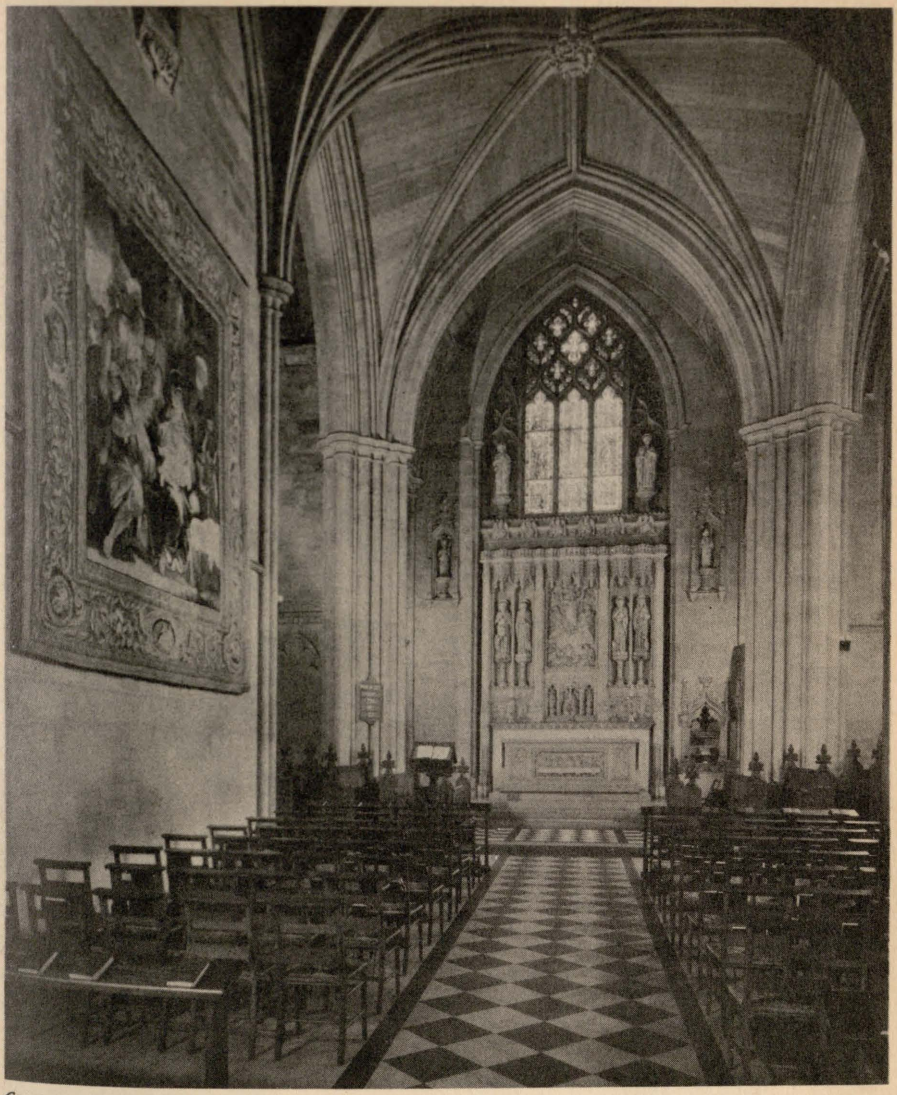


Courtesy of the Laymens Club

The South Side of the Nave. The Great Nave is one hundred and forty-six feet wide. There are five aisles; the vaulting is one hundred and four feet high. On each side of the Nave are eight bays, all of which will ultimately be equipped as chapels. More than half of the permanent windows have been installed.

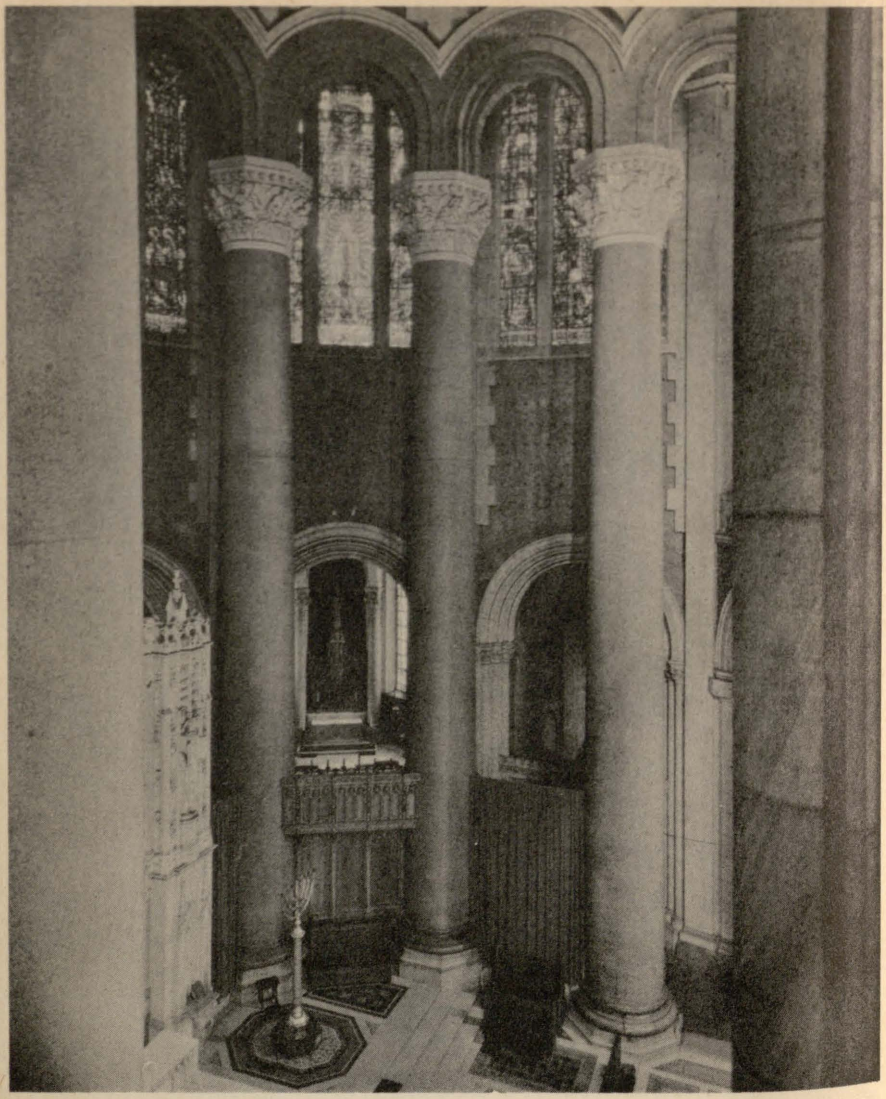
Courtesy of the Laymens Club

The Chapel of St. Boniface is one of the ambulatory chapels. It is a XIV Century English Gothic Chapel, forty-eight feet long and twenty-eight feet wide. The windows and the reredos are of special interest.



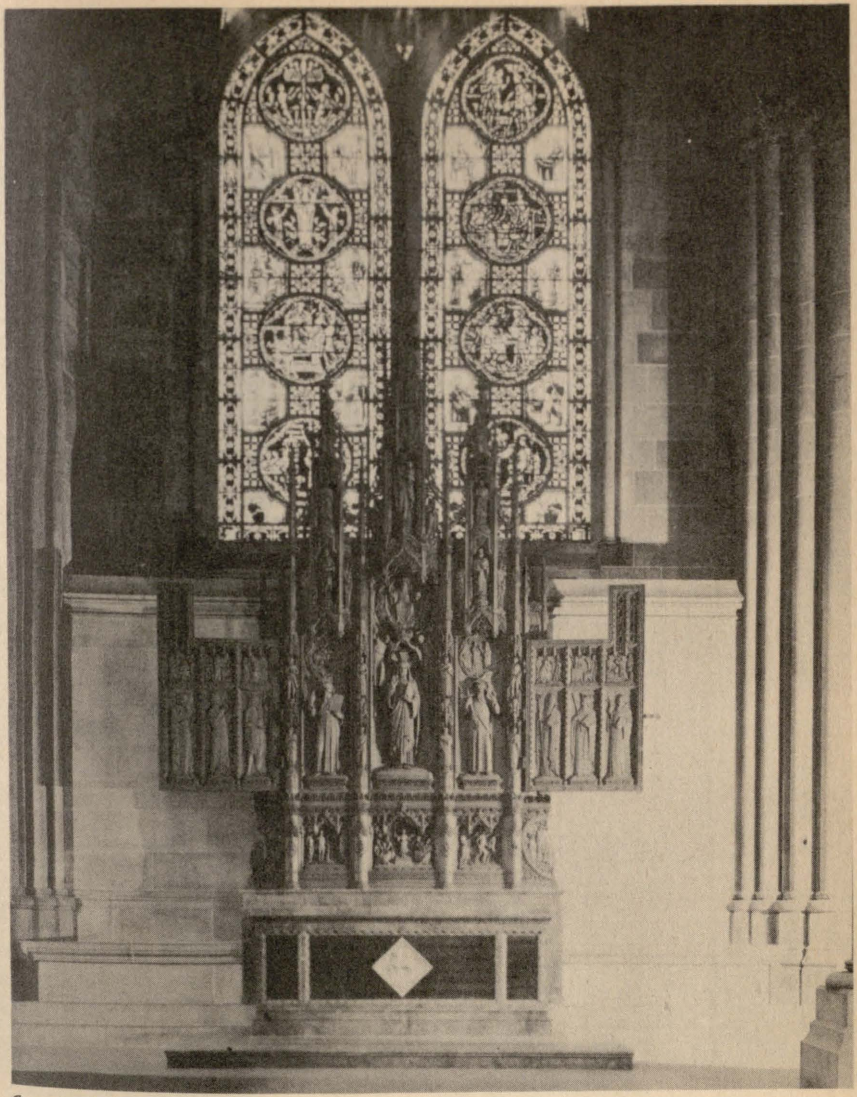
Courtesy of the Laymens Club

The St. James Chapel. Another of the Seven Ambulatory Chapels in XIV Century English Gothic. On the front of the altar is sculptured da Vinci's Last Supper. The central feature of the reredos is a relief representing the transfiguration, after Raphael. The Nativity on the left is one of the twelve Barberini Tapestries which hang in the Cathedral.



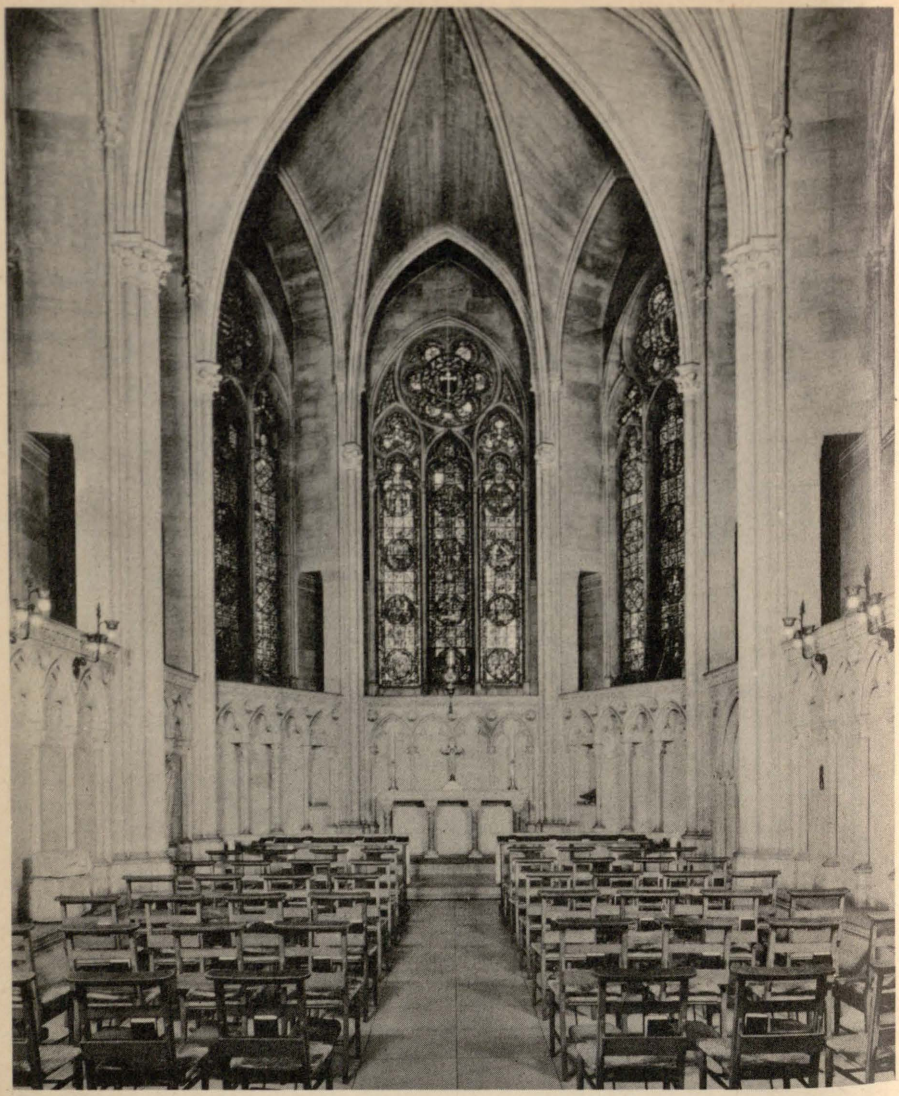
Courtesy of the Laymens Club

Three of the eight great Apsidal Columns. They are made of Maine Granite and are fifty-five feet high and weigh one hundred and thirty tons each. The windows are in the clerestory of the ambulatory. Through one of the arches may be seen the altar of the chapel of St. Ambrose. There are no other columns to equal these in height or girth.



Courtesy of the Laymens Club

The Grosvenor Memorial Altar was erected in memory of the first Dean of the Cathedral. The Reredos is of carved walnut. The Altar is of French Antique Rouge. It is located in the Lawyers Bay on the North Side of the Nave. This memorial is one of the very recent additions.



Courtesy of the Laymens Club

The Chapel of St. Martin of Tours is early XIII Century Gothic. The medallions in the grisaille windows represent scenes in the life of St. Louis, St. Martin, and St. Joan. The pavement is of Knoxville marble and the altar rests on beautiful red marble pillars.

ralization. At an early age, he evinced a pronounced fondness for music; but the father showed no sympathetic understanding of the boy's interest. When Frederick was 22 years old, he obtained permission to leave the wool business conducted by the elder Delius and went to Florida, where he attempted, for a time, to grow oranges. But his heart was not in work of this kind. The bent of his talent was musical, and, fortunately, he soon made the acquaintance of an organist who was both willing and able to initiate him into some of the mysteries of composition.

During the next year, Delius taught in Danville, Virginia. Finally, in 1886, his parents, realizing that their son was immovably determined to carve out for himself a career in music, agreed to send him to Leipzig to study. Here he became acquainted with a number of eminent luminaries on the musical firmament. Among them were Edvard Grieg, Ferruccio Busoni, Christian Sinding, and Carl Reinecke. The young man applied himself assiduously to his work, and soon he began to give expression to his creed of beauty in compositions which proved beyond peradventure that he had a message which was at once arresting and fraught with some measure of significance.

Compared to Sibelius

Some writers have seen fit to compare Delius to Jan Sibelius; but it is obvious that the comparison cannot always be made to go on all fours. Like the great Finnish master, the recently deceased Englishman may be looked upon as a lonely figure among composers. Mr. Newman once referred to him as "an intellectual solitary." Delius was not at all dependent upon music as a means of earning his livelihood, and, in consequence, he could well afford to write as the spirit moved him. It was not necessary for him to defer in any way whatever to the fads and fancies, the likes and dislikes, of his contemporaries. When he composed, he did not find it expedient to ask: "Will this music of mine be pleasing to those who hear it? How will the critics receive my works? Will my output earn money for me? Will it bring me fame and fortune? Will it jibe with the rule books?"

So far, none of Delius' compositions have achieved widespread popularity. In fact, a number of them are practically unknown. Sir Thomas Beechman, the renowned and redoubtable English maestro, has done much to bring his gifted countryman's music before the concert-going public, and, in recent years, other prominent and influential conductors have begun to follow in the footsteps of the composer's distinguished champion; but, at the present time, the phonograph continues to be one of the most active means of acquainting us with much of what the unusually independent writer has handed down to us.

Philip Heselstine, in his work on

Delius, tells us: "As Beethoven is the morning and Wagner the high noon, so Delius is the sunset of that great period of music which is called romantic. And there is a spiritual image in this historical superscription. Its image is rather to be seen in the rich colors of the sunset fires than in the cool dim grays of twilight from which all fire and brightness has faded away. But it is neighbor to night; it looks before and after, seeing the day that is past mirrored upon the darkness that is approaching."

It is easy for some critics to declare that, in certain respects, the music of Delius reveals the influence of Richard Strauss. Points of similarity in melodic contour, in harmonic devices, and in contrapuntal texture may occasionally mean a great deal; but it is equally true that they may have no significance whatever apart from their intrinsic musical worth. When we learn that, for a time, Delius was closely associated with Grieg, Busoni, and Sinding, we may, while listening to his works, be strongly tempted now and then to stop short in order to exclaim: "Aha! There is Grieg! There is Busoni! There is Sinding!" But can it be denied that attempts to put one's finger on "sources" and "influences" are frequently based on preconceived notions? Is it not a fact that those who are cocksure in their charges sometimes learn to their sorrow that their "discoveries" have plunged them headlong into a kettle of scaldingly hot soup? They must then try, in some way or other, to wriggle out of the brew. After all, what does it matter if Delius has been influenced by Strauss, by Grieg, by Busoni, by Sinding, or by the man in the moon? The most important question for us to ask is, "What does he have to say in his music?"

No Conclusive Verdict

It may sound mealy-mouthed to say that the world is not yet able to formulate a conclusive verdict concerning the works of Delius; but the statement is plainly and simply true none the less. Opinions as to his ability—both those that fluctuate and those that remain as firm as the Rock of Gibralter—can render invaluable service. At present, they cannot and do not offer us a comprehensive and completely satisfying explanation of Delius' place among composers. When Mr. Heselstine wrote that this man "is the sunset of that great period in music which is called romantic," he may have given expression to wisdom pure and undefiled; but when he says that the Englishman's works are "full of a great 'kindliness' which makes us feel akin to all things living and gives us an almost conscious sense of our part in the great rhythm of the universe," he is merely mouthing high-sounding words—words that border perilously on what is commonly known as poppycock.

The wisest course for us to pursue is to hear as many of Delius' works as we can. Then we may arrive at

judgments of our own. The writer of this article finds the Englishman's music infinitely more than interesting. To him, it has striking atmospheric qualities and unusual harmonic and melodic richness. He would neither be so bold as to try to card-index the composer, nor would he, in any circumstances, attempt to measure the music with a yardstick. But he has a deepseated impression that Delius may go down in history as one of the important seers of recent decades. It is sure that the man has given a jolt to English music.

For many years before his death, Delius, blind and partially paralyzed, lived almost in seclusion in an ancient market town near Paris. His music is certainly not radically modernistic in spirit; yet it is far from being slavishly subservient to established conventions. To those to whom his works are an unknown quantity and who have a desire to learn to know the man as a composer, *Music and Music Makers* recommends that they begin with the orchestral compositions: *On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring, Summer Night on a River,* and *Brigg Fair.* The work mentioned last is a rhapsody based largely on an old English folk song to which Delius' attention was directed by Percy Grainger. Bear in mind that a single hearing will not reveal to you all the subtle magic of the enchantingly lovely tone poem. The rhapsody is filled to the brim with beauty, substance, and meaning.

Perhaps it will be in order to mention at this juncture that, although Sir Thomas, the stalwart and unflinching champion of Delius' music, was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, this circumstance has in no way operated to keep him from taking his art with the utmost seriousness. The millions of pounds sterling which were poured into his pockets from the sale of his father's world-renowned pills have not caused him to forget that musicians, if they desire to achieve anything worth mentioning, must work and study incessantly and in the sweat of their brows. Sir Thomas knows from personal experience that no master has ever fallen fullfledged from the skies, and that no one can emerge as a figure of genuine distinction from a prospering pill factory or from any other establishment unless he has been both willing and able to toil with unremitting zeal.

Recommended Recordings of Compositions by Frederick Delius

VOLUME 1 OF THE DELIUS SOCIETY. The album contains excellent recordings of *Paris: The Song of a Great City,* of *Eventyr (Once Upon a Time),* of the *Serenade* from the incidental music to James Elroy Flecker's play, *Hassan,* and of the closing scene of the opera, *Koanga. Paris,* in the words of Delius himself, "is a nocturne and describes my impressions of night and early dawn, with its peculiar street cries. . . .

These cries are very characteristic of Paris, and the piece begins and closes with them." *Eventyr* deals with legendary creatures of Norwegian folklore. The opera, *Koanga,* remains unpublished. Its inspiration dates from the time when Delius was a resident of Florida, and the story has to do with Creole life. One side of the last of the seven discs comprising the set brings us Delius' setting of Shelley's *To the Queen of My Heart* and *Love's Philosophy,* sung by Heddle Nash, tenor, with Gerald Moore at the piano. The orchestral works are performed by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham. The Delius Society was founded in England in November, 1934. Sir Thomas is its artistic director (Columbia Album 305).

ON HEARING THE FIRST CUCKOO IN SPRING. Played by the London Symphony Orchestra under Geoffrey Toye (Victor disc 4270).

SUMMER NIGHT ON A RIVER. Played by the London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham (Columbia disc 17087-D).

CRADLE SONG, THE NIGHTINGALE, EVENING VOICES. Sung by Dora Labette, soprano, with Sir Thomas Beecham at the piano (Columbia disc 9092-M).

BRIGG FAIR. Played by a symphony orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham (Columbia discs 68154-D and 68155-D).

Recent Recordings

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT. *Symphony No. 8, in B Minor ("Unfinished").* The London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham.—Sir Thomas' tempi are somewhat deliberate; but in every other way the reading has all the earmarks of searching musicianship. Columbia Album 330.

ANTONIN DVORÁK. *Quartet No. 6. in F. Major ("American"), Opus 96.* The Roth String Quartet.—Some critics have been bold enough to refer to this fine work as "the little sister of the New World Symphony"; but one must be careful not to use their characterization in a derogatory spirit. The quartet is one of the particularly notable examples of the gifted Bohemian's skill. Like its "big sister," it was written while the pitifully homesick Dvorák was sojourning in our country as head of the National Conservatory of Music in New York. Columbia Album 328.

JAN JULIUS CHRISTIAN SIBELIUS. *Symphony No. 4, in A Minor, Opus 63, Lemminkainen Zieht Heimwaerts, Opus 22, No. 4, and Incidental Music to Shakespeare's The Tempest.* The London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham.—Noteworthy performances of truly great music. Victor Album M-446.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Quintet for Clarinet and Strings (K. 581).* The Budapest String Quartet with Benny Goodman.—More frequent doses of Mozart's music will put sorely needed vitamins into the redoubtable Benny's musicianship. The reading is good, but far from ideal. Victor Album M-452.

NICCOLO PAGANINI-FRITZ KREISLER. *The First Movement of the Concerto No. 1, in D Major, for Violin and Orchestra.* Mr. Kreisler and the Philadelphia Sym-

phony Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy.—A skillfully made transcription of a pleasingly melodious work. Mr. Kreisler has wrought wonders both in his playing and in his craftsmanship. His cadenzas are masterful in every respect. Victor Album M-361.

SERGEI PROKOFIEFF. *Concerto No. 2, in G Major, for Violin and Orchestra, Opus 63.* Jascha Heifetz and the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky.—All students of the modern idiom in music should become acquainted with this thought-provoking composition. It is masterfully played. Victor Album M-450.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. *Concerto in D Minor for Violin and Orchestra.* Yehudi Menuhin and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under John Barbirolli.—At last we have a recording of the much-discussed concerto which Schumann composed between September 21 and October 3, 1853, for his good friend, Joseph Joachim. For some reason or other, the great violinist never played the work in public. In his will, he stipulated that the sealed manuscript should not be opened until 100 years after Schumann's death. Had this provision been carried out, the concerto would have been doomed to remain silent until 1956. But early in 1937, Mr. Menuhin received a photo-copy from Germany, and, after a number of obstacles had been surmounted, he was given permission to play the composition in concert. He insisted on using the *Urtext.* Victor Album M-451.

AMERICAN SONG ALBUM. Sung by the Madrigal Singers of New York City under the direction of Lehman Engel, with Everett Roudebush at the piano. Commendable renditions of the following songs: *Bradford, Ode on Science, Battle Hymn of the Republic, Marching Through Georgia, The American Hero, The Loved Ones, Chester, Brave Wolfe, Old Colony Times, The Burman Lover, Lilly Dale, Lubly Fan, Will You Come Out Tonight, Oh! Suzanna, Listen to the Mocking Bird,* and *Cocaine Lil.* Some of the contributions are good; others are merely interesting; still others are unadulterated trash. Columbia Album 329.

A Word from Kipling

Looking back across the long downward slant of his work, it is hard to imagine the blaze of glory that wrapped Kipling in the '90's. He dazzled critics and children alike. Everyone quoted him. Each story, each verse he published rang the bell, and millions caught up and cherished the echo of every bold stroke. Wherefore he was stalked and harried, by editors and reporters, by enthusiasts and the curious and the autograph seeker. He showed Carey one letter he had received. The writer had enclosed a quarter, a blank page, and a stamped, addressed envelope. He had heard that Kipling now got twenty-five cents a word. Would he please, for the enclosed coin, forward just one word? Kip did. He wrote "Thanks" and mailed it back.—FREDERICK F. VAN DE WATER, *Harper's Magazine*

Books—some to be read—some to be pondered —some to be enjoyed—and some to be closed as soon as they are opened.

THE LITERARY SCENE

ALL UNSIGNED REVIEWS ARE BY MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

Thomas Aquinas in Chicago

WHAT MAN HAS MADE OF MAN. By Mortimer J. Adler. Longmans, Green and Co., New York and Toronto. 1937. 246 pages. $3.50.

TWO years ago Dr. Franz Alexander, director of the Institute for Psychoanalysis in Chicago, decided to expose the students and the members of the staff to a lecture course dealing with the philosophical implications of their work. His decision grew out of the realization that research workers in any field are constitutionally in danger of becoming absorbed in details of technique and investigation in their particular province, meanwhile losing perspective and sound judgment with regard to the relationships of their efforts to the pursuit of knowledge in general. In the hope that a critical discussion of the presuppositions and methods of psychoanalysis would serve to counteract this tendency, Dr. Alexander arranged for a series of lectures by Dr. Adler, associate professor of the Philosophy of Law at the University of Chicago. Since Professor Adler taught experimental psychology before coming to Chicago and was philosophically trained besides, his competency to give the lectures was evident.

The four lectures that constituted the series are given in this volume. They are in outline form, highly condensed, and the argument develops with beautiful dialectic order and consistency. The successive themes are: The Conception of Science in the Modern World; The Position of Psychology in Philosophy and Among the Natural Sciences; The History of Psychology; Psychoanalysis as Psychology. Because of the condensed form of the lectures, Professor Adler found it desirable to append notes, the text of which is about half again as long as the lectures themselves.

Evidently the theme originally assigned to Professor Adler grew under his hands and became more and more ambitious. Eventually it turned into a full-blown critique of modern philosophy and science, based on an analysis of the character and content of human knowledge—and all this from the standpoint of *scholastic philosophy.* The method employed and the results attained are such as would probably have commended themselves to Thomas Aquinas if the same problems had been presented to him, say in the year 1272, when the Angelic Doctor was lecturing at the University of Naples.

One cannot but wonder how the Chicago psychoanalysts, who had fathered a course in scientific methodology, comported themselves when this remarkable

changeling was laid in their arms. What evidence there is indicates that their complexes promptly began to work. This, however, yielded them small comfort in the face of what the fates had prepared for them. Most psychoanalysts are contemptuous of philosophy and unacquainted with its ways. But here a philosophical argument was set before them, as closely woven as fine chain armor, and in its course some of their most highly cherished convictions came in for rough handling. Following the argument in detail, in its unfamiliar terminology and ideology, was manifestly out of the question. They could not be expected to assimilate on the wing such passages as this: "The primary intellectual operation cannot be the act of a bodily organ, for, if it were, the forms received in the intellect would be received into matter, since the act of a bodily organ is an act of matter, and forms which are acts of matter exist in matter as individuated. Hence, they would still be potentially intelligible and not actually understood. Hence, if men are able to understand—to apprehend things in their universality (their intelligibility) as well as in their individuality (their sensibility)—the intellect must be an operation that is not the act of a bodily organ."

It appears that the discussion after each lecture was very spirited but that the psychoanalysts did not undertake to attack the fundamental positions, no doubt because they were bewildered. Then Professor Adler would sweetly assume that they were in agreement on these positions, admonish them not to try to evade consequences, and continue on his devastating way.

The lectures are, in brief, a defense of scholastic rationalism and a commendation of it as a cure for the ills of the modern world. Professor Adler holds that "in general, it is a misfortune to be born in modern times" because the modern spirit has revolted from scholasticism. He undertakes to prove supremacy of the intellect in the human quest for knowledge and consequent preëminence of philosophy over science. With many of his results a Christian will find himself in hearty agreement, e.g.: his defense of the reality and dignity of the soul; his rejection of evolution; his condemnation of naturalistic ethics.

AS FOR his effort to rehabilitate scholasticism in the modern world, that is another matter. Here the basic question is whether metaphysics shall be built on the theory of knowledge or vice versa, and with this question the book does not come to grips. It is not likely that many thinkers who are uninfluenced by Catholicism will be gained for the "perennial" philosophy, despite the able efforts of Maritain, Gilson, Adler, and other neoscholastics, to divest that philosophy of its sectarian trappings and to commend it on its own account. The scholastic temper is too hopelessly foreign to the modern mind. Professor Adler seems not to have gained any converts from his audience at the Psychoanalytic Institute if one may judge by the Introduction to the work written by Dr. Alexander at his request.

The position taken in *What Man Has Made of Man* reminds one of Wm. James's dictum: "The rationalist mind, radically taken, is of a doctrinaire and authoritative complexion: the phrase '*must* be' is ever on its lips. The belly-band of its universe must be tight." But for all this insistence of rationalists that their systems are inescapably grounded in the structure of the universe, most modern thinkers will probably continue to hold that their own philosophies and also those of the rationalists are but expressions of their varying temperaments and tentative efforts to understand, rather than authoritative readings of the character of reality. —One who is fairly familiar with Aristotelianism and the principles of scientific thinking and who is willing to read the book three times, should find it a rare intellectual treat.

Bad Company

THE SELF YOU HAVE TO LIVE WITH. By Winfred Rhoades. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 1938. 182 pages. $1.75.

CREATIVE self-discipline for the purpose of correcting the maladjustments of life and thus gaining happiness is the theme of this book. It is directed to the person who feels that there is something wrong with his mental habits, who needs to adjust himself to the conditions of life and to the turns of fate, who desires to be, not a victim of conditions but a master of time, a person characterized by "breadth of outlook, clearness of insight, self-possession at all times, poise under all conditions, graciousness of demeanor."

The means by which this desirable end is to be achieved are drawn from Hindu mysticism, Christian Science, New Thought, Buchmanism, and the Bible.

The breathing exercises recommended by Mr. Rhoades are reminiscent of the Swamis. The Oxford movement supplies relaxation and many of the action-control recommendations. Throughout the book the author works with auto-suggestion, and the Malicious Animal Magnetism of Mrs. Eddy crops out frequently. The soul must learn to "refuse to let its body be victimized by the inglorious action of the mind."

The single silver dollar on which the currency of this bank is issued is the truth that the mental life affects bodily welfare: "When physical disorders appear in a man the soul is the part of him that needs treatment." But when we have established the presence of this one sound dollar, we have completed the inventory of everything in the book that has real value.

The author recommends religion. He does not differentiate between kinds. So long as it is "vital and gripping" (and what religion, from that of the Baal priests of Ahab's time to that of Aimee Semple McPherson, is not vital and gripping?), it serves the purpose of a "nurture of the soul." This is the fundamental weakness of the book. Christianity is not essential, so long as it be "religion," an answer "to the spiritual appeal of the universe." It need not be praying in the name of Christ—the sacred books of the Parsis and of the Aztecs contain "testimony of rich experience with God." The deity as conceived by the author fades out into pantheism—"the Soul of All Things."

Fundamentally we have in *The Self You Have To Live With* the ideas which have impressed with their meretricious charm the devotees of a dozen modern cults.

John Bull, Philosopher

ANECDOTES OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. By Hester Lynch Piozzi. Edited with an Introduction by S. C. Roberts. (University Press, Cambridge, England, 1932.) The Macmillan Company, New York. 226 pages. $1.25.

OF ALL the contemporary memoirs of Johnson, the garrulous Boswell will, of course, always maintain an easy preeminence; but among the rest Mrs. Piozzi's little book stands out as the best short account of what it intends to describe—namely Johnson as a talker. During the period covered by this absorbing volume (1665-1683) the author was as yet Mrs. Thrale, wife of the immensely wealthy Southwark brewer of that name. A vivacious, plump little woman, she was herself a brilliant conversationalist, rivalling the famed Mrs. Montagu in that respect. Thrale, on the other hand, though an Oxford man of deep learning, was quiet and grave. In the salon of their town residence in the Borough as well as at their country house at Streetham he and his wife entertained brilliant coteries of guests, among whom Samuel Johnson, after his introduction into those circles, was always the chief. Could one conceive him willing

to be anything else than the Great Cham there or anywhere?

Johnson, who could be a very agreeable companion indeed when well enough or in the humor, loved the meals at Thrale's, loved the talk there, and, as Mrs. Piozzi admits, loved Thrale himself, and loved him more than he did her—perhaps (if one may hazard a guess) because he preferred deep streams to babbling brooks. His own role, there as elsewhere, was that of a "magnificent teacher of moral wisdom," as Boswell calls him, and he chose to teach by talking. For most gregarious people, of course, talk is merely a species of intoxication, and when their tongues are wagging they imagine themselves to be twinkling like the Pleiades. It was never so with Johnson. "He spoke, and attention watched his lips. He reasoned, and conviction closed his periods," said one of his contemporaries. A Scotchman once described him as "a mine of common sense." The statement hardly goes far enough; he was a fountain of wit and wisdom. In his own time, indeed, and in his own country, he was the fountainhead.

One might say a great deal of his behavior at the Thrales', which was sometimes only odd, at others downright impolite, if not utterly unfeeling. Often, to be sure, he was ill; always he was lonely. But while Thrale, after coming home late from the sessions of Parliament, could fall asleep in his chair, it remained for his good wife to assume, humor, and nurse the cantankerous elderly philosopher. Johnson, she says, perhaps with more kindness than candor, "required less attendance, sick or well, than ever I saw any human creature." One can only wonder what her other guests were like when we are informed that, softened by his pathetic pleadings not to be left alone, she would often sit up making tea for him until four o'clock in the morning, and that he "would not rise in the morning till twelve o'clock perhaps, and obliged me to make breakfast for him till the bell rung for dinner." But did not someone tell Boswell, when he complained that sitting up and drinking port wine with the Doctor made his head ache, "One had better be palsied at eighteen than not keep company with such a man"?

MRS. PIOZZI frankly treats of Johnson only as a talker, and in so doing she inevitably devotes a very considerable amount of space to his notorious forthrightness of speech. Usually, to be sure, his retorts (Johnson would never *begin* a conversation) were redeemed from boorishness by their wit, caustic though it might be. Speaking of Scotland to an inquiring native, says Johnson: "It is a very vile country, to be sure, Sir." That was neither handsome nor witty; it would not do at all, but Johnson could lead people on. Scotchman: "Well, Sir, God made it." Johnson: "Certainly he did; but we must always remember that he made it for Scotchmen, and comparisons are odious, Mr. S———, but God made *hell.*" Much less witty, merely cutting, were such remarks as that to Mrs. Thrale, when she asked him whether the pease were not *charming.* "Perhaps," said he, between mouthfuls, "they would be so to a pig." The poor, dear lady might have been less hurt by this comment had she realized that Johnson here was not condemning a vegetable but an adjective. "Do not accustom yourself, Sir," one may remember that he told Boswell, "to using big words for little matters."

Sometimes he was decidedly less subtle, and in a few of Mrs. Piozzi's ancedotes, too long to cite here, he cuts an almost contemptible figure by reason of his insensibility to the feelings of others. When he roars, "Sit down, Sir!" at a slightly officious but well-meaning gentleman, one hopes that the object of his wrath had at least the manliness to remain standing firmly on his feet for some minutes. Many were crushed by such impudences and never saw him again, or at all events never spoke to him more. Yet a wise man might find ways enough of commanding his

respect while profiting by his company.

As a writer Johnson was utterly insensitive to everything which was said, adversely, about his work; and this was fortunate, for there is no occupation in which the hide of an elephant is more required, for every man's goad is, at one time or another, in one's flesh. But in private life his sensibilities were morbidly keen and most easily wounded. After making a disgustingly offensive speech to a couple of Quakers, he is deeply hurt when thereafter they whisper together and avoid addressing him. On shipboard he asks an officer about a certain room. "Oh," says the sailor, "that's where the loplolly man keeps his loplolly." Anyone else would have laughed, but Johnson considered it an affront. Of himself he could say, to an amazed company, "You may observe that I am well-bred to a degree of needless scrupulosity."

HOW did the Thrales manage to stand for his impertinences? How did anyone? They overlooked his faults and recognized him for the great man he truly was. As the lady of the house wrote:

"We suffer from Johnson, contented to find
That some notice we gain from so noble a mind."

Many hated him, of course. Others loved him for his sincerity, wisdom, and goodness, or because he really made efforts to "keep his friendships in repair." Mr. Thrale had more influence over him than most men. He could make him put on a clean shirt and get him to change his wigs when they got burned, as they all eventually did, due to his nearsightedness and his habit of reading in bed. Thrale could even say to him, "There, there, now, we have had enough for one lecture, Dr. Johnson; we will not be upon education any more till after dinner, if you please."

Poor Thrale at last ate himself to death. Johnson warned him of the dangers of gormandizing but was powerless to prevent the result he feared; and his own example at the dinner table was none of the best. As an executor of the estate he spent some time happily helping sell the brewery or, as he expressed it, "not a parcel of tubs and vats but the possibility of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." When it was finally knocked down to a group of Quakers for £135,000, Mrs. Thrale wrote, "I will go to church, give God thanks, receive the Sacrament and forget the frauds, follies and inconveniences of a commercial life." Shortly thereafter she married Signor Piozzi, the Italian music master. Johnson was now more than seventy years old, but he foolishly opposed the match, as did Mrs. Thrale's own daughters, and though there was a reconciliation he was never on the same intimate footing with the Piozzis as he had been with the Thrales.

In the introduction to this volume some space is given to a discussion of the Piozzi affair. The editor is wrong, however, when he says, "From Johnson's point of view Piozzi's nationality and profession were both unfortunate." We know that Johnson's prejudices were strong, but there are, in this case, none in evidence. Does Roberts forget that Baretti, the Italian, and Burney, the musician, were among his dearest friends? A more probable explanation is that Johnson, old and lonely, wanted Mrs. Thrale all for himself and could not bear to share her with another. Be that as it may, *l'affaire Piozzi* is a sad chapter in his life.

Of Johnson's many good qualities, oddities, and prejudices Boswell has had a good deal to say: and who has not read Boswell? Mrs. Piozzi's Johnson is, upon the whole, very much like the diligent Scotchman's, but it is a Johnson seen through a woman's eyes, the Johnson of the salon. Because her book is so brief, it brings out the various traits of its subject into sharper focus than does Boswell, but at the same time much of the background and much

of the detail is lost. It is like a penciled profile as compared with a portrait in oils. Moreover, as Boswell has been careful to point out, Mrs. Piozzi was not always accurate in reporting Johnson's sayings and (undoubtedly because she had endured so much from him) is occasionally less sympathetic in her treatment of him than might have been expected. Yet her book affords an easy, pleasant introduction to Johnson for those who do not yet know him and throws numerous interesting sidelights upon his rugged figure for those who are already fairly well acquainted with him from Boswell's pages.—ELDOR PAUL SHULLS.

Good Jesuits

FATHER COLDSTREAM. By Julian Duguid. D. Appleton-Century Co., New York. 1938. 324 pages. $2.50.

JULIAN DUGUID, of Scottish ancestry, born in 1902, at Birkenhead, England, was educated at Harrow and then at New College, Oxford. He worked for six months with Raymond Savage, the literary critic, and then served as teacher in a boys' school. He took the chance that came to him to join an expedition to explore the limitless jungles of Bolivia. Out of his experiences there, he wrote *Green Hell* and *Tiger Man,* the first a travel book, the second, the story of his jungle guide, Sacha Siemel, the most famous spearman in South America.

In *Father Coldstream,* Mr. Duguid enters the field of the historical novel, reaching back into the eighteenth century and the famous Jesuit state in Paraguay. His story, strictly speaking, restricts itself to the closing chapter of that famous missionary experiment. For about a century and a half the Jesuits controlled the Roman Catholic missions in Paraguay, establishing Christian Indian communities in which the word of the *padres* was absolutely law. When, as a result of the political opposition by the combined forces of Spain and Portugal, the Jesuits were driven out of Paraguay in 1769, their missions fell into decay, largely because the *padres* had failed to train their charges in self-reliance and initiative.

In *Father Coldstream,* the author gives us a well-constructed narrative of interwoven fact and fiction. We see the Jesuits at work, austere, self-sacrificing, and deeply devoted to their task of extirpating native superstitions and heathen practices, wiping out cannibalism, teaching the rudiments of the Roman Catholic faith, and building up a social order based on its ideals. Their Indian converts remain children throughout life, obedient in all things to the *padres,* looking to them for guidance and strength, and apparently completely happy. The Spanish colonists in Asuncion and other towns are not at all in sympathy with the work of the Society of Jesus, which was in bad repute otherwise, nor does the practical program of Jesuitism among the natives meet with their approval, partly at least because the plantation owners are prevented from using the cheap Indian labor on their vast estates. Then there are others who, because of the *padres,* are hindered in exploiting the natives, such as outlaw bands, particularly the Mamelukes and the Spanish soldiers.

Despite the enmity of these groups, we see the natives, content and happy, living and laboring in missions like St. Mary Magdalen, where Father Coldstream and his superior, Father Gaudrand, are stationed. Now and then, however, the peace and tranquillity of their community is broken by the recalcitrance of some of the members. The chief rebel of this story is the half-caste girl, Ana, daughter of an Indian woman and a Spanish officer. In the end, nevertheless, the stern Jesuit law retains its hold even on Ana.

The romantic element is not the center of this novel. It is only of incidental importance. The hub around which the book is built, against a steaming jungle

background, is rather the tragedy of the two *padres,* Coldstream and Gaudrand, who are forced by the overwhelming weight of the odds against them to give up the work to which they had devoted their lives.

Mr. Duguid commands a lucid, forcible prose. His character delineations are skillful, his dramatic incidents properly restrained, and he demonstrates a real mastery of that difficult medium—the historical novel.

New Development

THE FLYING YORKSHIREMEN and other novellas. By Eric Knight, Helen Hull, Albert Maltz, Rachel Maddux, I. J. Kapstein. With a note by Whit Burnett and Martha Foley. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1938. 273 pages. $2.50.

THIS is a collection of novellas, a Story Press book, published by Harper and Brothers in conjunction with Story Magazine, Inc. We are told, in a short appendix by Whit Burnett and Martha Foley, that a novella "is a story whose development requires more length and leisure than the short story, and yet it is in the nature of the short story in its unity of effect." They are at further pains to tell us that "the Italian word *novella,* used to designate the same literary form which the French commonly call the *nouvelle,* and the Germans the *novelle,* was first employed in the February, 1937, issue of the magazine *Story,* because, in publishing some of these newly written pieces, the editors found there existed no word to describe them." Be that as it may, they do not add clarity and conviction to their argument when they say: "They were not, as is commonly supposed, 'novelettes.' A novelette is a potted novel, the skeleton of a novel; and the term, while tolerated by usage, is not a fortunate one—it smacks of all the synthesism of an age in which 'ette' endings have been used for everything from farmerette to dinette. The novella is not a 'little novel' either," etc., etc. All this much ado about comparatively nothing, of making distinctions where there is essentially no difference, reminds us "that no matter how thin you cut it it's still bologna."

The Flying Yorkshireman, the first story in the group of five, is by far the best. Mr. Knight, the author, a Yorkshireman himself, has led a varied life as art student, factory worker, scenario writer, horse trainer, soldier, critic, and author. It is a rollicking fantasy. Samuel Small, a typical Yorkshireman, who has come into money, is dragged on a long journey by his bustling wife and sophisticated daughter. In southern California, a sermon on "Faith Will Move Mountains" by Sister Minnie has a most startling effect on Sam. He discovers that he can fly simply by putting out his arms and launching off into space. At first he keeps his accomplishment a secret and enjoys a number of nightly solo flights. A fine touch is the scene in which Sam discourses before an ace flyer on air currents, the lack of give in airplane wings, and the danger of flying where the ocean air meets the land air. In the end his accomplishment is discovered, and he becomes a world wonder when he flies over New York to the consternation of the populace, half of which wants him shot as a bat man, with scientists denying his power to fly, the ministers saying the man is a devil, and every woman in the city barring her windows. Sam ends all problems and difficulties by taking his wife and flying back to Yorkshire where they settle down and live happily in their seclusion. The story is cleverly done and is really funny, with just enough pathos to give it balance.

The other stories: *Snow in Summer,* by Helen Hull, *Season of Celebration,* by Albert Maltz, *Turnip's Blood,* by Rachel Maddux, and *The Song the Summer Evening Sings,* by I. J. Kapstein, are so-so, nothing to write home about.

Career Man

THE EDUCATION OF A DIPLOMAT. By Hugh R. Wilson. Longmans, Green, and Co., London, New York, Toronto. 1938. 224 pages. $2.50.

IF THOSE who decide to read this volume expect to be regaled with the revelation of earth-shaking and history-making secrets of the diplomatic service, they will be sadly disillusioned. The author has a few words to say about dollar diplomacy, and he constructs a historical "might have been" by telling us that if General Pershing's expedition against Pancho Villa "had encountered real resistance," the United States would, in all probability, have become involved in a war with Mexico, that, as a result, "it is unlikely that we would have entered the great war less than a year later," and that "surely Europe today would be very different from what it is, and the map of North America as well might show very different frontiers." But, by and large, the book is merely a mediocre account of the education of a diplomat in Evanston, Illinois, in Paris, in Lisbon, among the "laughter-loving, quick-tempered" denizens of Guatemala, in London, in Buenos Aires, in Berlin, in Vienna, and in Berne. Its style lacks distinction. Many interesting stories, a few grains of wisdom, and a host of platitudes are set forth in its fourteen chapters. In the concluding paragraph, Mr. Wilson promises us a sequel dealing with the period during which our country was a powerfully active participant in the war to end war. "I must write it later," he concludes, "and in another form; a different kind of story and of a different person." Your reviewer, for one, hopes that the promised volume will contain much more genuine substance than can be found in the preliminary effort.

Mr. Wilson believes that "the race of man has endured some millions of years, yet every generation is convinced of the errors of the old men, of their stodgy methods and outworn conventions." He is frank enough to say: "Until twenty-five I had considered myself an educated man; after twenty-five I began to work for an education." He discovered long ago that the best way to learn a thing is to do it, and he frequently interrupts the flow of his narrative by descanting at some length on various topics that happen to come into his mind at the time. He believes, for example, that "the despised cinema has been of extraordinary educational value to our nation," that *The Birth of a Nation* "marked the beginning of a new trend," and that no stage production of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* "has been so comprehensive, so well acted by the subordinate characters, nor, above all, so well spoken by all the cast" as the recent filming of the tragedy. He maintains that the Roman Catholic Church is "the only force in the west that is listened to with reverence beyond national frontiers"; but he is not a Catholic. He informs his readers that good manners "should be an instinctive part of one's make-up and be as evident to a man's wife as to his dinner partner." He points out that "moderation in food and drink, moderation in love and hate, moderation in enthusiasm and despair, it all leads to satisfaction without satiety."

Among other things, Mr. Wilson relates how he tried to teach his wife golf, gives a recipe for eggnogs "of excellent quality," has some interesting items to mention about bull fights in Lisbon and in Guatemala, tells us about London, Berlin, Vienna, and Berne in the days of the holocaust which burst forth in 1914, and indulges in a thought-provoking discourse on peace and the prevention of war. He becomes refreshingly eloquent when he declares out of the abundance of his heart that "the most revolting thing about war . . . is the prostitution of truth to policy, the debasing of truth from an abstract absolutism to a commodity to be rationed to a people in diluted doses calculated to

make them docile in following a policy." His report of the examinations made by Hayden Harris, of the Harris Trust Company, of Chicago, before deciding either to float a loan in the Argentine Republic or to say No, is worthy of the most careful consideration. The astute banker would visit the prisons, because "if the inmates . . . had a fairly comfortable existence," there was evidence of surplus money. Next, he would go to the cemeteries to see whether the tombstones and memorials were better or worse this year than last, and, finally, he would frequent the gay cafés to learn from the girls whether "the lads had a lot of money to toss around."

When diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany were broken off, Mr. Wilson was stationed in Berlin, and, after confirmation of the rupture had arrived from Washington, he and Jerry Gherardi, the Naval Attache, repaired to the basement of the Embassy, stripped to the waist, and made ready to consign confidential papers and ciphers to the flames. At that time, he found out that "papers and books do not burn, even in a hot furnace, if you throw them in in bulk. You have to tear out leaves and crumple them almost individually before they will burn properly."

At present, Mr. Wilson is our ambassador to Germany. Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, in their newspaper column, *The Daily Washington Merry-Go-Round,* of May 21, 1938, report that he is "one of the chief Nazi-Fascist friends in the service," and that he "is scion of the famous Wilson Brothers, shirt manufacturers in Chicago." Your reviewer believes that the much-traveled author can well afford to learn much more about the writing of books. Perhaps the promised sequel to *The Education of a Diplomat* will be more or less redemptive in character.

There is an introduction by Claude G. Bowers, another member of the diplomatic service of the United States and a highly successful writer in the field of that type of historiography which is characterized by a decidedly journalistic tang.

Requiem

MY AUSTRIA. By Kurt Schuschnigg. With an Introduction by Dorothy Thompson. Translated from the German by John Segrue. Illustrated. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1938. XXXVIII and 308 pages. $3.00.

KURT SCHUSCHNIGG, the last chancellor of Austria, is without doubt one of the most tragic figures in modern history. Face to face with the supreme issue of Austria's national existence, he failed; and his failure sounded the death-knell of his country's independence. Whether he shall live in the annals of this generation as a political bungler who was too weak and ill-equipped for the stupendous task to which he was called, or as a statesman of major proportions who, as a victim of circumstance, went down to defeat before irresistible sinister forces, must be decided before the tribunal of history. One thing is certain, however: Kurt Schuschnigg is a great patriot, one who has sacrificed himself and all that he had for the defense and salvation of his country. As such we honor him.

Schuschnigg is still a comparatively young man, but forty years old. The son of an Austrian general, he was born at Riva, a garrison town near the Italian border, and naturally grew up to be an ardent admirer of the old Hapsburg dynasty. He received his education in a Jesuit school, which, as he himself says, exercised a decisive influence on his career and outlook, "especially as regards those very questions round which conflicts have arisen in the new Austria." At the age of eighteen he joined the army and spent about four years at the front. Shortly before the Armistice was signed he was taken prisoner. After his return home, in the fall of 1919, he took up the study of

Law. Having been admitted to the bar, he entered politics and a few months later was elected to the National Assembly as a representative of the People's Party (Tyrol Christian Socialists). In 1932 he became Minister of Justice in the cabinet of Chancellor Seipert, and in 1934, following the assassination of Engelbert Dollfuss, he was elevated to the chancellorship. From this important office he was compelled by Hitler to resign on March 11, 1938, and on the following day Austria was occupied by German troops.

My Austria does not take the reader up to the time of the "Anschluss," however. It was written in the summer and early fall of 1937, at a time when faith and hope in Austria's future still burned brightly in the Chancellor's breast, in order to cheer and counsel his bewildered and despondent countrymen. Its tone is optimistic, even in spite of the fact that it portrays the staggering problems of Austria in all their grim realism. With clarion voice it summons the heterogeneous elements, racial as well as social and political, to bury their differences and to rally around their government, in order that the high historic mission of Austria on the European Continent, and especially in the Danube Valley, might speedily be brought to fulfillment. Thus it constitutes, either intentionally or unintentionally, a direct counterpart to Hitler's belligerent *Mein Kampf*.

The German title of this book, *Dreimal Oesterreich*, at once discloses its plan. In the first place, Schuschnigg discusses rather briefly the old Imperial Austria of the Hapsburgs which passed out of existence in 1918 with the fall of the monarchy. He gives an illuminating description of the complex organization of the Dual Monarchy and of the heterogeneous and antagonistic forces which were constantly wrestling for the supremacy, but were held in subjection by the long, strong arm of Francis Joseph. Nothing is plainer to the reader than that the bitter experiences of Austria during the post-war period, especially her tragic collapse in the hour of crisis, had their roots in the unsolved problems of this strange regime.

THE second Austria is that of the parliamentary-democratic republic, from 1918 to 1933. This was a stormy, chaotic, terrifying period. Freed from the iron shackles of the Dual Monarchy, Austria was completely disorganized, sometimes almost on the verge of disintegration. The harmony that had been maintained under the pressure of the World War was gone. In its place there were endless divisions, each group endeavoring to capture the national leadership. Intrigue followed upon intrigue. The entire social order collapsed. The middle class was broken on the wheel. Under the clever leadership of the Socialist intelligentsia the working classes were organized for political action. There was hunger and, resulting therefrom, fear of the masses. Unscrupulous political bosses pushed their way into positions formerly occupied by the aristocracy. Propaganda against the Church increased in bitterness. The demands for "Anschluss" with Germany became more insistent, especially from Socialist quarters, and this naturally resulted in even more determined efforts on the part of the extreme nationalists. From day to day the situation became more critical, and the government, even under the leadership of the strongest men, was practically helpless. "The issue of this conflict," says Schuschnigg, "was the existence of Austria as a state, as a nation."

Out of this welter of affairs emerged the strong man of modern Austria, Engelbert Dollfuss, and with his rise to power the history of proud Austria as an independent nation entered upon its last chapter. The details of this melancholy chapter are still fresh in our minds. Chancellor Dollfuss was assassinated in the late autumn of 1934, and in the spring of 1938 his successor, Kurt Schuschnigg, was swept

out of power by the iron hand of Adolf Hitler. No one can read Schuschnigg's description of the death of his friend Dollfuss or of the solemn requiem held for the fallen leader in the State Opera House in Vienna without being deeply impressed.

The remainder of the book deals with Schuschnigg's problems and activities as Chancellor, and offers, among other interesting things, about forty pages of fragments from his diary. To the very last line the book remains optimistic, dynamic, resolute—a fervid confession of faith in the historic mission of Austria. No one who is interested in the most recent developments in Central Europe can afford to ignore it, for it contains a wealth of interesting details which are not available from any other source. And, above all, it is authoritative.

The American Mind

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL—By Clyde Brion Davis. Farrar and Rinehart, New York. 1938. 309 pages. $2.50.

THE subject for the great American novel has been a topic for discussion at literary teas ever since the American scene attracted the attention of our writers. Should it be the past, the impact of our fathers on the frontier? Should it be the present, the machine against man? Or should it be the future, the melting pot completed and the formation of a new race? Should it mirror the lives of those whose fortunes make the society pages or should it deal with those who make the want ads?

The Great American Novel—is not the great American novel, but Clyde Brion Davis has used an approach, different from any of those above, which may well act as a signpost for some writer yet unborn.

The greatest single phenomenon on the American scene is its middleclass, the class comprising more than 80 per cent of our population. This is the class that gets its philosophy of life from the newspaper editorials and its view of world events from syndicated columnists, the class whose morality is determined by the quality of its neighbor's eyesight, and whose ambition rarely goes beyond the acquisitive instinct. Any novel which lays claim to the title of the great American novel cannot ignore this phenomenon.

Davis presents in this book, for your delight and wonderment, Homer Zigler, a typical American middle class newspaper reporter, in whose mind are mirrored all the events and personages on the American scene from William Jennings Bryan to Roosevelt II, from the summer of 1906 to the spring of 1936. Running through the past three decades of American life and thought with the aid of Homer Zigler's mentality and philosophy is an amazing and chastening experience. The reader, when not bordering on apoplexy, will find himself uneasily marveling at the greatness of the American people, a greatness achieved in spite of the Homer Ziglers.

Homer Zigler has made his life work the writing of the great American novel and to that end faithfully keeps a diary of the scenes he sees and of his reactions to the events of his time. His wanderings take him from Buffalo to Cleveland to Kansas City to San Francisco and back to Denver. Crossing the continent and living thirty years of American history with a second rate, completely humorless, cliché-filled, middle class American mind, is an experience you will not soon forget.

There are flashes of excellent reporting of American events in the book. The description of Kansas City when it still wore short pants; the riot of the squatters in K.C. under Adam God; the building of the great railroad empires of the pre-war days and their lack of a sense of responsibility toward the public; the beginnings of the aeroplane industry; his reactions to the Sarajevo incident and the outbreak of the World War: all these, seen through the

eyes of a contemporary with the advantage of the knowledge of subsequent developments, will make the sober American wonder about his own attitude during present-day events.

There are numerous passages in the book which will make the reader turn to that classic, but now obsolete, gutter phrase of scepticism, "Oh yeah?". Here are a few. Read and marvel.

"If a novelist were so uncouth and possessed of so little moral sense that he should write of illicit love, his book would be banned from the public libraries and he would be ostracized by society." (1906)

"All Americans may rejoice in our wise democratic government that protects its people against such agricultural tragedies as besets the Volga region." (Drouth)

"When the downtrodden masses of Europe finally are brought to their senses, when the glory-seeking kings and czars and Kaisers finally are deposed there will be no more threat of wars."

"It is unthinkable, then, that mere business rivalries would cause a war. True, the nations of the world are building many big cannons and battleships, but these could act as well for preservation of peace as for waging war. Even if some ruler were mad enough to start a major war, it is certain that enlightened twentieth century citizens should refuse to fight and that the ruler would be overthrown." (January, 1913)

Entry of July 9, 1914: "A crisis broke in Europe early last week that looked very serious for a few days. But it has been happily cleared up."

Humbling, isn't it? If you want to spend a quiet evening of introspection and humiliation, of penance and prayer, you can go farther than *The Great American Novel*—and fare worse. The author has done an excellent job of portraying the average American mind and its reactions to local and world events, personal and public problems. A book to make a publican out of many a pharisee.

Glamor Plus

PARTS UNKNOWN. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. Decorations by Horace Raymond Bishop. Julian Messner, Inc., New York. 1938. 429 pages. $2.50.

WHAT might have been an excellent novel of the exposé type turns into a lengthy account of the rise of a young displomat to the top of his profession. *Parts Unknown* is the story of penniless Michael Trent who enters the United States consular service, marries the fascinating but equally penniless Daphne Daingerfield of Virginia, and hopes to rise quickly to spectacular prominence. He is ordered to La Paz, Bolivia. The salary allowance is twelve hundred dollars a year, on which munificent sum the Trents are expected to observe all the diplomatic amenities. The Trents are shifted to other consular posts in out-of-the-way places. Their salary does not increase. Finally Michael Trent cracks under the strain and resigns from the consular service to accept a $40,000 a year position with a fabulous American corporation. His wife disapproves his materialistic leanings. He falls into dissolute ways, while his wife, who has separated from him, becomes intimate with the Secretary of State, the notables of Washington society, and the President himself. The novel ends with everyone apparently happy.

Parts Unknown belongs to the old tradition which treated affairs of state with a certain breathlessness. The novel has enough glamor, mysterious diplomats, French countesses, and foreign place names to fill several books. There is also a whirlwind presidential campaign, a flight across the Atlantic, and a diplomatic reception at the Court of St. James thrown in for good measure. Without a doubt Mrs. Keyes knows certain strata of Washington and international society. It is unfortunate that she did not incorporate more indignation into her tale of the early years of the Michael Trents. One of the disgraceful

features of our foreign service is found in its underpaid employees. There has been constant agitation to increase the salary scale of America's future *trained* diplomats. Perhaps Mrs. Keyes' novel will awaken some Congressman to the fact that it is just as important to have an adequately paid and equipped non-political State department as it is to have a huge collection of dreadnoughts. For those who want an inside view into the American foreign service, the State Department, and the White House, this novel will serve as an admirable guide.

The Little Corsican

NAPOLEON, A Doctor's Biography. By Boris Sokoloff, M.D. Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York. 1937. 292 pages. $3.25.

DR. BORIS SOKOLOFF, a Russian by birth, was assistant professor of Experimental Medicine at the University of St. Petersburg, a few years later becoming Head of the Department of Experimental Medicine at Lesgaft University and Member of the Institute of Science. After leaving Russia, he worked at the Pasteur Institutes in Paris and Brussels and was connected with the University of Prague for a few years. He came to this country eight years ago as a guest of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. Later, he left for the Medical School of Washington University at St. Louis, in order to work with the brother of the late Jacques Loeb, Dr. Leo Loeb, who is an authority in the field of cancer. At present he is associated with the International Cancer Prophylactic Institute and is the author of over a hundred publications on cancer.

His *Napoleon* is one of several recent works of physicians who have studied the life of the Little Corsican in the light of modern science. Dr. Sokoloff's volume deals with the pathological and medical aspects of Napoleon's life; but, even though it is a "doctor's biography," the treatment is such that the average layman can follow it with appreciation.

The story begins with the post-mortem at which eight surgeons were present. They failed to agree on the exact cause of death. The author's opinion is that Napoleon died of adenocarcinoma (?) of the stomach, although he is frank to explain conflicting points. Then the eminent doctor goes back to a discussion of the Corsican's physical heritage and in an interesting chart shows that Napoleon's grandfather, father, three sisters, and one brother all died of suspected cancer of the stomach. Then follows a careful study of Napoleon's health throughout life. There are many interesting episodes, although the author's conclusions are not always convincing, at least not to a layman. Several paragraphs culled from the book will give the reader an insight into the author's style and method.

"As a boy, . . . Napoleon's reactions to pain, to insults or abuse were unusually violent. He was acutely hypersensitive. 'I can't stand anything disagreeable or offensive,' he said, on St. Helena, to Dr. O'Meara. 'In such cases, I rebel.' And his rebellions were violent. . . . 'They did not like me at school,' recollected Napoleon. 'I lived apart from my comrades. I picked out for myself a little spot in the school's vegetable garden and used it as a retreat, where I could dream all I wanted. I was always fond of day-dreaming. When the other boys wanted to seize the place I defended it with all my might.' "

*

"As he approaches the age of forty, a profound transformation begins to take place in Napoleon's physical constitution. . . . His face grows fleshy and soft, becoming almost feminine. His complexion changes from a sickly yellow to the lusterless white of cold marble. A certain immobility has descended on his face, and 'a heavy, stony boredom grows on it like a mask.' His expression of Ossian-like melancholy has changed to one of prosaic

ennui. His body is no longer pliable and slender; heavy-set and bulky now, it has lost the quickness of its movements. 'I'm getting fat and I'm afraid I shall get fatter still,' he says to Lucien.

"His speech has become hesitant and halting. His former terseness, clarity, and imagery of expression have disappeared. He frequently babbles, repeats himself needlessly, returning again and again to the same topic. Little is left of the former vivid style of his public speeches, which have now become cold, impersonal, monotonous; the words scarcely reach his listeners; only anger can animate his delivery now, but even these outbursts occur more seldom.

"The atmosphere around him is one of fear and boredom. Everyone is dull and listless in his presence."

*

Or this, while he was dying:

"Night again. He is in a violent agitation. It seems that he is dominated once more by the force which possessed him throughout his life. He speaks about power—he craves power again. He is once more the Emperor at the height of his glory. He speaks with a loud, commanding voice. He is aggressive, dictatorial, full of dominating force. Deeply moved, and strangely disturbed, almost in a total darkness, his followers sit in a semicircle around his bed. They listen to his feverish and passionate raving which cants the story of his magnificent life. It would seem as though his rebellious spirit once more had won its freedom from his weary and dying body. His voice now grows in volume, it becomes belligerent. And, as if aroused by the fire of his own words, Napoleon suddenly leaps from the bed."

The book is fortified with approximately 28 pages of notes, in part explaining certain less-known terms used in the text, in part, giving the references to the author's sources. There is also a chronological table and an index.

Gentle Pap

MORLEY'S MAGNUM. By Christopher Morley. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. 1938. 1256 pages. $2.50.

THERE was a time, not so many years ago, when every undergraduate with literary aspirations wrote essays *à la* Christopher Morley. Almost invariably there was an atmosphere of blue, aromatic pipe smoke, fragrant leather, fond recollections of an old English classic, and all the other stage trimmings a literary bachelor needs to bemuse his readers. Now most undergraduates w.l.a. write desperate essays on unemployment and flophouses. In fact, not so many years ago, there were many critics who hailed Christopher Morley as the American Charles Lamb. It would have been more accurate and fairer to label him a modern, a bit more sophisticated Ik Marvel. Reading his work today, after the passage of several depressions (1932, 1935, 1937), one is struck by the pitiful thinness of many of his novels and essays. His poems are as light as any appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post* or the *Woman's Home Companion.* Perhaps their saving grace is the literary veneer of some of his offerings.

Morley's Magnum consists of six volumes of Morley items. *Swiss Family Manhattan,* a novel, tells the story of an innocent League of Nations employee trapped in the wilds of Manhattan in the era of cocktails, subways, speakeasies, and skyscrapers. The novel does not wear well. The satire is too genial. Morley had the material and a good idea to develop a really devastating account of American *mores.* Unfortunately, his kindliness got the best of him. A satirist must almost necessarily be bitter.

Morley also includes a one-act drama in this omnibus. The less said about it, the better. On the other hand, there is one redeeming feature about *The Romany Stain,* a series of essays on odd places and experiences in Europe. This is the feature.

One pokes into odd and out-of-the-way places and experiences in various parts of Europe. Ordinary travel books make no mention of these places. Morley is able to communicate some of the thrill and pleasure of finding a good family restaurant, where the cheese and wine are served in generous portions, or some delightfully quaint bookshop. Reading the volume of essays in one sitting is, alas, wearying. For a bedside companion the essays should serve admirably.

Plus the other attractions offered in this huge volume, Morley has included *Hasta La Vista,* a travel book about a family vacation taken in South America some years ago. Morley, in a new preface to the book, claims that he started the flood of books about South America. If this book is a sample, then most travel books about South America are pretty innocuous.

For many years Morley has delighted readers of the *Saturday Review of Literature* with the "Chinese Translations" of his *Mandarin of Manhattan.* Some of the Mandarin's observations about the foibles and follies of American civilization make delightful reading. Charming as they are, they lack the final snap that would make them, as the blurb states, verses "done in acid crystals of free verse."

There is also a volume of sentimental fireside verse, *Chimney Smoke,* wherein Morley imitates the domestic emotions of that great American sage, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He admits, fortunately for him, that he likes to bathe himself in sentimentality. The domestic lyrics will strike the heart chords of all domestically inclined readers. There must be many such readers, otherwise the publishers would not have found it profitable to resurrect these plates.

As an assurance to the reader that the reviewer is not completely soured on life, this note is added: Morley has done better and more substantial work in his novels. This omnibus seems to have been bound together merely to bring some extra royalty from forgotten plates. Two dollars and a half is not too much to pay for *Morley's Magnum.* You get a lot of paper and pretty pictures for the money.

Nazi Microcosm

THE MORTAL STORM. By Phyllis Bottome. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Mass. 1938. 357 pages. $2.50.

ALMOST completely unremarked in the rush of best sellers in 1938 is this quiet novel out of England by Phyllis Bottome. Its theme is timely. Its touch is delicate. Its manner reserved. It reduces Naziism from a world ogre to a poignant tragedy for one family. And in so confining its scope, in letting the reader do his own arithmetic to figure its larger implications, it damns Naziism more convincingly than any academic editorial.

Amélie Trattenbach of the Austrian aristocracy is widowed by the degenerate German aristocrat, von Röhn. Her sons, Olaf and Emil, have inherited undiminished the pride of German ancestry and the uncompromising German sense of duty and obedience and mental discipline. She remarries. This time it is a struggling young Jewish scientist, Johann Roth. In their children, Freya and Rudi, the intellectual independence and keener sensitiveness of the Jewish character predominate. But the group is closely knit on the common ground of German and Jewish family solidarity. Johann Roth wins the Nobel Prize in medicine He becomes a world figure. Freya is following closely in his footsteps. The pool is placid. Then the pebble out of Austria, Hitler, is dropped into its surface. Olaf and Emil inevitably become ardent disciples—one a Storm Trooper, the other a Brown Shirt. Still the family might have weathered the growing anti-Semitism had not Freya complicated matters by keeping company with a Communist peasant from the mountains who had rescued her from a band of

ruffians on a skiing trip. Olaf and Emil will protect the family in its Semitism, but they insist that Freya have nothing more to do with Hans, the Communist. The father refuses to meddle in the individualism of his daughter. Freya, at first out of stubbornness, and later because she has fallen completely in love, refuses to give up Hans. And so you have all the conflicting forces in the new Germany precipitated into the microcosm of one family: Aryanism, Semitism, Communism, Individualism, Collectivism, German pride, intellectual courage, and the Nazi religion of the State.

The outcome is obvious: subdued tragedy. Johann Roth, now suspect, refuses to kowtow and is quietly liquidated. Freya, propelled by opposition, elopes with Hans. In the Alps Hans meets death at the hands of Olaf and Emil, "in line of duty" on the Austrian boundary. Freya, leaving her child with Hans's people, finally succeeds in escaping into Austria. The book closes on the defeated, pathetic, but thematic note: As she reaches the first inn across the border, exhausted by the raging Alpine storm, a girl cries out at her snow-covered figure, "Mein Gott! A ghost is at the door!" But her partner laughs at her frightened cry, "Nah! Nah!—it is only a Wandervogel blown in out of the storm!"

The author, knowing and obviously loving the German people, refuses to sing any hymns of hate. She approaches Nazism as a disease and the new Germany as a psychopathological case brought on by a mixture of inherent German characteristics and unfortunate political circumstances. Johann Roth, scientist, diagnoses for her: "... it is well for us all to remember that the Germans are a proud people, whose pride has always been in military success. War has brought them forward in this world, more than once. It has achieved great things for them and they have not yet discovered that war today is behind the times. . . . In 1914 when the Germans once more launched their great might—in spite of their ingenuity and a heroism beyond belief—they were defeated, and this defeat was lost upon them, they did not learn from it, partly because of the cruel folly of their victorious enemies, and partly because, drunk with their own valour, and the victories that they had achieved, they could not accept the stupendous shock of defeat, nor understand that their goal itself was the cause of their failure. So they begin again. . . . A disappointed, clever man, with a fair tongue, and a heart burning with thwarted personal ambition, has lit their hearts—how can I tell you where he will lead them? He does not know himself where he will lead them! We Jews are but the easy scape-goat that Germany could first fasten her mistake upon, and then destroy—but her mistake itself, she cannot destroy—until the Germans themselves seek a change of heart; and how can this be when they trust no man as a brother; nor are themselves to be trusted?"

THE eager-eyed young Nazis she can only pity as misled children. The post-war generation of Germany wanted a way out so badly. If only the nations that ringed it with hate ever since Versailles had not forced it to clutch at the Hitler straw so avidly that even those who had been taught to think for themselves—the Olafs and Emils—could stolidly mouth his shibboleths: "To build up this Germany we are ready to make any sacrifice!" "There is nothing above the state—nor is anyone of importance unless he is a servant of the state!" "It is the change of a crushed but valiant people, into a great and rushing power!" "Heil Hitler!" Even when they sing the "Horst Wessel" song—"they did not sing as those who love music sing, their minds were set sternly upon the purpose of the song, their ears were inattentive to all but the volume of sound they were producing. It was the cry of the pack rather than a song."

The defects of the book are those inherent in any novel that is at the same time a tract. Its characters talk too much and too perfectly. Even of a Nobel Prize winner we don't expect in casual conversation perfectly constructed summaries of vast political and sociological trends. And, despite the practised hand of the author, the characters in such a novel, in order to remain perfect and complete antagonists and protagonists, tend to blur into types rather than individuals. That the book still remains readable and enjoyable is a tribute to Miss Bottome's polished literary technique. Read it: and if you never did like Naziism, this book will tell you why.

WALTER KRAEMER

Wiseacre

You know this man who does things best,
  Knows better, always, than the rest:
He always knows a better show,
  A faster way the boat to row,
 Unfailing ways to reach your goal,
  A quicker way to bore a hole,
A saner way to learn to swim,
  An easier way your hedge to trim,
More speedy ways to clean the car,
  A fleeter horse than Man-o'-War,
A safer way to cross the street,
  More rapid ways your rugs to beat,
A swifter way to shift the gears,
  A surer way to live long years,
More expeditious ways to save,—
  And on, and on, and on he'll rave.
You know this man who knows it all.
  'Tis he whom you would like to call
Just any name beneath the sun
  When his: "I know . . . " he has begun.

F. W. WIEDMAN

The AUGUST Magazines

Each month THE CRESSET *presents a check list of important articles in leading magazines which will be of interest to our readers.*

Fortune

Death by Tariff

By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

The author, who is president of the Foreign Policy Association, shows that the protectionist methods which were formerly employed only against foreign competition are being more and more brought into play by American interest groups against one another. The Constitution prohibits the levying of state tariffs, but this provision is being evaded by discriminatory taxes, inspection fees, port-of-entry laws, and the like. The dairy industry has been especially active in "protecting" itself so that there may not be an overproduction of butter, "i.e. of butter which could not be sold at forty cents a pound." Hence the fight on oleo. But much cottonseed oil is used in oleo. Therefore, some Southern states talk of boycotting dairy purchases from the North. California, Texas, and Florida quarantine against each others' citrus fruits. Michigan taxes out-of-state wine 46 cents a gallon, but domestic wine 6 cents. Taxes on trucks engaged in interstate traffic are in some cases prohibitory. The agitation in favor of taxing chain stores out of existence is familiar. Examples could be multiplied, and there is a constant increase in such legislation, which restricts interstate commerce, curtails sales, and enables favored groups to maintain a high margin of profit. Where will this lead? Is the American free market disappearing, and are the unsettled conditions that prevailed under the Articles of Confederation returning?

Fortune Survey

Fortune's sampling of public opinion discloses some interesting facts and trends. As to the probability that "there will be a powerful new Labor party ten years from now," 38 per cent think there will be, 23 think not, and 39 don't know. As for *hoping* that there will be such a party, 22 per cent hope so, 45 hope not, and 33 don't care. The figures for factory laborers in this case are: 33, 32, 35. —64 per cent believe the Republican party will be active ten years hence, and 58 per cent hope so.—The most unpopular taxes are general sales taxes and taxes on real estate. Gaso-

line taxes place third, and income tax is fifth.—Only 13 per cent express a desire for a new third party in 1940. —42 per cent believe that Roosevelt will be regarded as a national hero ten years hence, 36 think not, and 22 don't know; 50 per cent hope so, 22 hope not, and 28 don't care.—65 per cent believe that tips should be replaced by regular service charges, while 22 per cent are of contrary opinion, and 13 don't know.

Scribner's

Boake Carter

By A. J. Liebling

Harold Thomas Henry Carter, born in Baku, Russia, son of a British oilman, settled in Philadelphia after the World War, worked in the oil fields of South America and Oklahoma, and then became a newspaperman in the city of Brotherly Love. He got his break in radio as the commentator, the Globe-trotter, in the Hearst-Metronome news-reel. The Lindbergh kidnapping gave him his chance to speak over a national hook-up. He attracted the attention of Philco, and in January, 1933, received a five-year contract for a daily news-broadcast which that company sponsored. In the meantime he had taken the name Boake which was a surname in his mother's family. His British accent, his frank editorializing, made his program popular with many, but not with the Administration, the C.I.O., and the admirals of our navy. He studied the radio technique of Father Coughlin, whom he still visits occasionally for a palaver. At present he broadcasts five nights a week for General Foods. His daily column "But—" is sold to sixty newspapers, including the entire Hearst chain. He has published four books, none of which has sold over eight thousand copies.

On Patrol with Crime-Proofers

By Gretta Palmer

This is an interesting analysis of a new police technique, showing how State Troopers are copying the famous methods of the FBI and slowly but surely making it harder for the criminal. By careful observation of criminals' habits and idiosyncracies, the troopers are not only becoming more efficient in catching the law-breaker, but also more and more able to forestall certain kinds of hold-ups, and robberies. The merchants, filling-station operators, bankers, etc., are instructed in methods that will make robberies more difficult and the detection of crimes more rapid. The safest building in a town is the United States Post Office. Crooks have learned to fear the G-Men. They have not yet learned the whole measure of the menace that the State Police offer them today.

Surrealism in Overalls

By Frank Caspers

Our *Alembic* will no doubt have more to say about this article, sooner

or later, so we shall only briefly direct attention to it. The author shows that a strange flirtation has developed between business and surrealism. This type of art is being used to sell goods, especially among the sophisticated groups and luxury readers. Hairdressers are devising strange coiffures, and milliners are putting everything but mice and men on their hats. That this fantastic newcomer to the advertising business is making progress in that field is shown by the illustrations which accompany this article and which include one on the Ford V-Eight. Whether or not this type of art will be used also to sell goods to other than the luxury classes awaits to be seen. We hope not. Most of the advertising we see is bad enough as it is!

Saturday Evening Post

"Jimmy's Got It"

By Alva Johnston

This is the article that has caused much embarrassment in certain circles. The author frankly reveals how the President's Secretary-son has been acquiring wealth by selling insurance. Here are some of the insurance plums Jimmy Roosevelt got according to Johnston: a $2,000,000 policy on the life of George Washington Hill in favor of the American Tobacco Company; the National Distillers fire-insurance policies, varying between $70,000,000 and $80,000,000; the group insurance of the Columbia Broadcasting Company; the insurance of the Transcontinental and Western Airways, Inc., which he split with Fred Roper, son of the Secretary of Commerce; other accounts are Consolidated Oil and Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. Says Johnston:

"Jimmy has penetrated into nearly every branch of American Industry with his insurance policies. He is a specialist in big public-utility holding companies. Every time you eat a piece of beef imported from Argentina by Armour & Co., you pay a slight tribute to Jimmy, who has Armour's beef-importing insurance policy. Every time you take a drink of Scotch, you are likely to help Jimmy. Many leading brands of American whisky cannot be consumed without contributing a fraction of a mill to Jimmy's insurance income. For every dollar's worth of sugar imported by the West Indies Sugar Corporation, Jimmy gets his tiny cut. Every time you buy *Esquire* or *Coronet,* you are doing a small favor to Jimmy, who has their insurance. Among the great financial concerns insured by Jimmy are Hayden, Stone & Co., the National Shawmut Bank, Boston, and the First National Bank of Boston. He also insures hats and caps, steamships and chemical plants."

As to the ethics of the thing, Johnston quotes the following statement by Jimmy's father, as governor of New York, in Earle Looker's *The*

American Way—Franklin D. Roosevelt in Action. "It is not illegal," said Mr. Roosevelt, "for a relative of a political leader to be in the surety business. It is not illegal for a contractor to get his bonds through this relative. Yet the whole business is indefensibly unethical."

Forum

Pittsburgh: What a City Shouldn't Be

By DWIGHT MACDONALD

The description and analysis of American cities has become quite the vogue since the Lynds' Middletown appeared several years ago. It is their undisguised purpose to expose the sordidness and the evils of a capitalistic system. This article is no exception. The dictatorship of big business has made Pittsburgh an American city at its worst. The "Cathedral of Learning" is "the perfect expression of that veneer of spirituality with which Pittsburgh conceals its excessively materialistic underpinning," and its Chancellor, the highest-paid college president in the country, governs with a technique which is "an academic parody of the way his masters handle strikers, down to the use, according to rumor, of Steel Corporation spies to shadow faculty members." Studies such as this are doing much to herald the wrongs of our decadent civilization. They are valuable case histories of a dying era.

What a Negro Mother Faces

By CECELIA EGGLESTON

A graduate of Howard University gives expression to the bitterness which she feels over the injustices and the inequalities of which her people are the victims. We do not doubt that there is bitter truth in her stinging indictment of the church because of the discrepancy between its preaching and its practice in the race problem. There is a profound pathos in her closing question, "Will my child rise up to call me blessed or curse the day that he was born?" There is still abundant opportunity to apply Christianity in meeting the many problems of the American Negro.

How Good Is Parole

By SANFORD BATES and J. EDGAR HOOVER

This debate brings many interesting facts pertaining to the parole system. Sanford Bates is inclined to minimize the evils of parole, although he does urge rigid supervision. J. Edgar Hoover, however, points out that parole is ineffectively administered in all but six or seven of our states. There is no encouragement for the immediate future in his statement that "cold, impartial facts and figures revealed a decided increase in crime in 1937 over 1936." It seems vain to hope for much improvement in our state parole systems as long as they continue to be involved in the expediencies of politics.

Harper's

America's Medieval Women

By Pearl S. Buck

Pearl Buck argues that American women are ill-treated and little respected. She is certain, too, that the American will laugh at this argument tolerantly and contemptuously, because he imagines that American women are the most privileged in the world. They have privileges to be sure, says the author, but not equality. Either women should not be educated for a professional career, or they should be given a man's chance. The fact that the American woman has been educated to expect equality and then finds it denied her in adult life has made her unhappy and restless. The article has a little truth, some prejudice, and also much superficial thinking. But, perhaps, Pearl Buck was just writing an article.

The Nazi Primer

Translated by Harwood L. Childs

Students of Naziism will find this translation of excerpts from the textbook of the Hitler Youth interesting and valuable. The sections here given deal particularly with the Nazi ideas of race. Prof. Childs of Princeton will soon publish a translation of the complete primer. Especially striking in the section here presented are the direct attacks against the Christians, particularly the Roman Church. To quote a sentence: "The Christians, above all the Roman Church, reject the race idea with the citation 'before God all men are equal.' " Noteworthy is also the question, "Now why do we find in Freemasonry, Marxism, and the Christian church mistaken teaching of the equality of all men?" Further comment is quite unnecessary.

One Hundred Billion a Year

By Roy Helton

There are many gems of thought in this article. It is a telling presentation of the argument that our period of high-speed industrial growth is past and that the hope for an annual national income of one hundred billion dollars is illusory. The argument is supported by a sound interpretation of facts. We have all the apparatus we really need. The question is now, What are we going to do with it? Will we set about using our mastery over nature for happiness or will we continue to struggle madly for our hundred billion dollars and social disaster? It is impossible not to quote the following sentences. "Machinery is a terrific irritant of human passion. Dug-up things are not illimitably good. Even the dreamers of the late nineteenth century could not think of any sound use for their new machines but the one they came to in 1914. The easier we make it to go to new places the less variety remains in the places we get to. There is no earthly paradise to be had through motion. Only a smaller earth."

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Alberta Economics

SIR:

In your *Notes and Comment* of the June issue under the caption "Onions in Hollywood," you say among other things: "Lately Major Douglas has been giving Wall Street and the rest of us right-thinking citizens bad headaches. In fact the Major persuaded Alberta to adopt social credit instead of money."

How do you get that way? It is news to me to learn that Alberta had been persuaded to "adopt social credit instead of money." I am a resident of the province of Alberta and I can inform you definitely that while we have a government masquerading under the name "Social Credit," there has been no change in our monetary policy. We not only have not adopted "social credit" (whatever that is supposed to be), but since the advent of the Aberhart régime, we have no credit at all, social or other.

What we have in this province is a gang of political adventurers who insinuated themselves into power by fraud and deception on a wave of religio-political emotionalism raised by William Aberhart, a quack fundamentalist teacher-preacher-politician who saw in the so-called theory of social credit a perfect vehicle for capitalizing his peculiar brand of Millenialism. Aberhart took this crazy, planless scheme of "social credit" into his pulpit from where he preached it as the "absolutely guaranteed Economy of God," and by working the populace up to a frenzy of religious fanaticism, advocating boycott, intolerance and bigotry, he succeeded in electing a large majority of the candidates by the small margin of 56 per cent of the popular vote. He has, however, failed to implement any of his fantastic promises, and it is significant to note that in every provincial and civic bye-election since his government assumed office, his candidates have suffered heavy losses. In the recent Saskatchewan elections, the entire Alberta cabinet and many private members of the government invaded the neighboring province, but despite a strenuous campaign managed to elect only two candidates out of fifty-three.

I trust that the foregoing will help you to get your Alberta politics on straight.

J. J. ZUBICK

Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Christianity and America

SIR:

An entry under the heading *Notes and Comments* in the April issue of your publication, in which criticism is directed against a program suggested by Dr. Turck, is of special interest to me as a layman of the Presbyterian church. Whereas Dr. Turck is unknown to me personally, and might not endorse the temerity of this communication, I write strictly upon personal conviction as a member of his denomination.

Let us consider those five fundamental duties regardless of whether they are of cardinal importance as Christian objectives. I feel confident that you recognize them as representative of most alarming and pernicious ills of society deserving of consideration from a humanitarian standpoint. The curse of war, industrial rela-

tions, race relationships, coöperation with educational and character-building institutions, and the problem of anti-social businesses occupy the minds of the world's greatest thinkers. Since they are largely of ethical and moral significance, and within the province of humanists to solve, possibly the impetus of Christianity is superfluous.

But what does Dr. Turck advocate? By re-reading the first paragraph of your editorial it will be seen where the preacher speaks of the fundamental duties of the *church*—members of the visible Church, as I interpret the statement—those who by profession of faith have been brought into "a right relationship with God," to borrow your words. As Christians therefore, are we admonished; as men and women who have accepted the salvation of the cross because He who died for us preached a Gospel of charity, forbearance, morality, and a respect for law. Can you conceive a variation from those mandates by a Founder placed among us today? It is my opinion that you have overlooked Dr. Turck's challenge as directed to Christians, to those attempting to fulfil Paul's exhortations to the Galatians, "If we live by the Spirit, by the Spirit let us also walk," and "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

I cannot reconcile this program with an indifference toward those countless members of society who have yet to feel the touch of the Spirit, nor could Dr. Turck as an officer of the Board of Christian Education in the Presbyterian church belie the fundamentals of the institution he serves. Surely there is need for souls to be brought to Christ as never before, but as *members* of His Church on earth we have all and more than the five-fold responsibility under discussion. With problems of social significance challenging the active participation of minds and hearts buttressed by a desire for peace on earth, goodwill towards men; by laws aimed at the downfall of oppression; by consideration for youth and its imminent responsibilities, the church, be it Presbyterian or otherwise, should rise to the emergency. I am sure Dr. Turck sees no overabundance of the Spirit in America today.

Sincerely yours

ALLAN TREMPER

Fort Wayne, Indiana

Innocent's Friend

SIR:

I think I have found a kindred spirit in Innocent at the Telephone. I was doubtful at first—shuttling between Lowbrow of a previous issue of your high class paper and Innocent. The odds were in favor of Lowbrow until I got to that part about being deshabille. I like a little culture in my friends; not too much, but just that nonchalant way of using foreign words. A delicate touch like that shows what a man really is.

But what I really wanted to propose was a partnership with Innocent. I think the two of us could make a go of life. I don't know any foreign words—he could furnish those—but have a rather practical turn of mind. Evidently he didn't approach his task at the phone with foresight, which is something I would never do. That little difficulty with the coins for instance. I never have that. I always call up from my friends' houses. His fundamental error lay in having friends called Mueller. That's another thing we could straighten out. If we went into partnership we could always call up my friends, the Schmidts, the Chicago Schmidts, you know. (Also see Schmid, Schmit, Schmitt, Smid, Smidt, Smit, Smith and Smyth.) That would simplify things from the start. (Between you and me, Mr. Editor, I don't think Innocent has the faculty of reducing life to fundamentals.)

What really makes me gravitate toward Innocent, my friend, is the memory of an experience I had some weeks ago. I ran out of cigarettes and a friend (Ha! Ha!)

suggested I get a pack out of one of these slot machines. The bar tender changed a ten dollar bill for me. I dropped a dime and a nickel in two slots and pulled a handle. That section was empty. Then I pulled the next one to the right which was a 20 cent brand (two dimes). So no soap there (which is American for "nichts ist gekommen"). Then I pushed the button to get my original investment back. The dime tinkled into the cup. The nickel had evidently gone out for a cup of coffee. I shook the Frankenstein monster (my new cultured friend will explain that classical allusion to you), kicked it and stood on my bill of rights as an American citizen (alienation of property, you know). Then the bar tender muscled around the end of the bar and I had to hurry off to meet a friend, the other one, not my new friend.

Now if Innocent and I went into partnership he could stand by and croon French words while I get my cigarettes and I could hold his doll and his brief case while he phones. Then we would say goodbye to our friends the Muellers and the Schmidts and all that and buy an island in the South Seas and take up chewing tobacco. Yes, I'm sure we could make a go of it. Will you please put his name and address in your Frustrated Souls column next month?

JOHN SCHMIDT NÉE MUELLER
Chicago

Fly and Still

SIR:

Seldom do I write letters to an editor. To me it has always seemed a bit futile . . . like looking at folders that the steamship companies put out when you have no money. You never get anywhere. I have been reading your CRESSET now for nigh unto a year and I am in full agreement with all that you have published. But in the July issue of your valued magazine I ran across an article that needs a reply. I refer to "Let's go Fishing," by Arthur A. Athern. I agree that all men are divided into two classes; anglers and non-anglers. That there is a brotherhood among anglers found nowhere else is also true. The poems quoted are O. K. That a man must have tackle when he goes fishing is a point over which I for one would not argue. But, Mr. Editor, the statement, "that your still fisherman is prone to be out of sympathy with the fly fisherman," is only partially true. If your still fisherman is out of sympathy, it is because he is envious. Deep down in his soul the still fisherman, be he one who uses worms, plugs, grasshoppers, or a piece of red flannel, *does admire* a fly fisherman. Providing, of course, that the fly fisherman is a fly fisherman and not a pretender. When you become an efficient fly fisherman you have reached the 33rd degree in the U. B. A. Your fly fisherman using barbless hooks is to a worm fisherman what Marion Tally is to a fifth rate blues singer. The one is an artist, the other not. Perhaps some of my friends in Minnesota and Wisconsin will deny this, but this is my position and I shall defend it.

As I read the article in question I gathered the impression that Mr. Athern lacks breadth. I have the suspicion that he has fished the waters of the middle West too long. He has possibilities, and I wish he could come to the far West and whip the cold, crystal-clear streams of Oregon. Could he but snag a "Steelhead" in the rushing waters of the Nestucca! Could he but have the experience of reeling in a 40 lb. Royal Chinook salmon fresh from the sky blue waters of the Pacific. Could he but have the thrill of having a 19 in. "Rainbow" rise to his fly!

Then, too, he seems to rely overly much on Izaak Walton. Walton lived back in the days when catching fish was a cinch, but where today do people fish with live minnows? And from midnight to three A.M.! And with a cork! Can you imagine

that, Mr. Editor? That is simply atrocious. You know as well as I do that only people who are fish hungry would stoop that low. Your true fisherman does not go out to bring back a sack full of fish. He goes out to match his wits with the fish. To him every fishing expedition is a tournament, not a slaughter. It is a game, not a gory battle. If he wins, fine. If he loses, he takes it like a man. Your true fisherman is above the taunts of his wife and fellowman, if he comes home with an empty creel. He who feels like buying fish at the fish market before he comes sneaking in at his back door empty handed is neither brave nor a born fisherman.

E. H. BECKER

Portland, Oregon

Thank You

SIR:

From its first issue THE CRESSET has brought hours of joy to several of us associated in the work of editing *The Presbyterian Guardian.* Frequently it has made us humble; occasionally we have disagreed with it lustily; but always we have enjoyed the hours spent with it. You have done a rare and a noble thing—you have presented a Christian world-view super-imposed upon a culture and essential beauty that has no equal in modern religious journalism. May God continue to give wings to your pen!

And just in case this seems a bit saccharine, I don't like your pictures, and I am sure your half-tones could be improved. Why use muddy stock and a surface that is notoriously unsatisfactory for half-tones?

THOMAS R. BIRCH
MANAGING EDITOR
The Presbyterian Guardian
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

(Halftones are still beyond us. We use only offset at present, but we keep hoping for better days and clearer prints.—ART ED.)

Death's Breath

(After the death of a friend)

Oaks were bent and bare;
The mourning sun clove,
Lost, behind the inky snare
Of clouds that morn had wove;

And Death, but lately passed,
Wrapped his coaly cloak
About my heart aghast—
E'er I awoke

To see the mistiness break and rise,
To know my God and view the purple morn
More fair than Dante saw in paradise.

Contributors—Problems—Final Notes

The Editor's Lamp

PERHAPS it is fitting that our two major articles this month are distantly related. "Modern Literature: Whence and What?" considers the literary figures that have determined the course of American literature during the past decade. In order to make the review of their work as thorough as possible only three major novelists have been considered. The author of "Modern Literature: Whence and What?" is our associate editor, Alfred Klausler of Glendive, Montana, whom most of our readers already know.

Our guest reviewer this month is Walter E. Kraemer, pastor of Immanuel Church, Tracy, California *(The Mortal Storm)*.

Our other major article presents an imaginative account of one of the most fascinating mysteries in literary history. Many years have come and gone since Ambrose Bierce, bitter and cynical, disappeared into the wilds of Mexico. Mr. Covington presents a plausible reconstruction of what may have happened to Bierce in the hills of Mexico. Mr. Covington is city editor of the *Miles City Star* and a new contributor to the columns of THE CRESSET. Entirely aside from the literary interest of the account, it is an excellent piece of writing for its own sake.

With a number of states conducting primaries during the Fall, October promises to be a political month. THE CRESSET will present two articles in the October issue under the general title, "Mr. Roosevelt—Pro and Con." As the most admired and hated man in the White House since Abraham Lincoln will undoubtedly be the dominating figure also in the various state primaries, we are certain that this presentation of his personality and policy will be of interest to our readers.

During the past several weeks we have received a number of contributions of high literary merit. Some of them have come from most unexpected sources. The program of THE CRESSET for the fall and winter months looks most promising. Charter subscribers are urged to send early renewals that no issue will be missed.

FORTHCOMING ISSUES

I. In "Notes and Comment" the editors will continue their brief comments on the world of public affairs and modern thought.

II. Major articles during the coming months will include:

MR. ROOSEVELT—PRO
MR. ROOSEVELT—CON
THE CRESSET: FIRST ANNIVERSARY
CENTRAL EUROPE EXAMINED

III. In future issues the editors will review, among many others, the following books:

O. O. MCINTYRE ..... *Chas. B. Driscoll*

THE LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON ..... *Marquis Jones*

MASTER KUNG ..... *Carl Crow*

THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR ..... *Arthur E. Hertsky*

THE BIG FOUR ..... *Oscar Lewis*

MY AMERICA ..... *Louis Adamic*

MY SON, MY SON ..... *Howard Spring*

INSANITY FAIR ..... *Douglas Reed*

TIDES OF MONT ST. MICHEL ..... *Roger Vercel*

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR LATIN AMERICA ..... *Carleton Beals*

THE COMING VICTORY OF DEMOCRACY ..... *Thomas Mann*